Bibliography - 1930

Another hilarious story by the man who writes the classic negro tales of America

EPIC PETERS, PULLMAN PORTER

by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

EVERY mortal who ever washed train soot out of his eyes or did gymnastics in a lower berth will howl with delight over Peters' rich conversations. He is the summation of that laughable whisk-broom wielding tribe that makes Pullman car travel entertaining. $2.00

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What happened when Pamela threw up her job and bought a ticket for the Tyrol

PAMELA'S SPRING SONG

by CECIL ROBERTS

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D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 35 West 32nd Street, New York

THE BLACK VENUS. By Andre Salmon. Translated by Slater Brown. New York. The Macaulay Co. $2.50.

"The Black Venus" is a vivid description of the life of artists and poets in Montmartre, as they mingle with laborers, beggars, models, prostitutes, impoverished noblemen. The author centers his story around a peculiar character who establishes a rendezvous for his friends in the heart of Paris, where he tries to live the carefree life of a planter. He has bought a black slave girl to complete his "plantation," which is furnished with the necessary voudaphernalia. The gay and tragic life of the poet, the artist, the child of the slums, the pander, and the eccentric is depicted in dramatic and picturesque scenes.

The language is difficult to follow at times because of the rapid shifting of pictures, mixed with an abundance of brilliant philosophizing typical of the modern school, revealing its cynicism and idealism. Salmon has here summed up the intellectual life of the most recent generation in France. Many of the characters are drawn from real people—writers and painters, including the author himself.

George W. Carver of Tuskegee Is Subject Of New Biography

Tuskegee Institute, Ala.—"From Captivity to Fame" is the title of a recently published biography of George Washington Carver, agricultural chemist of Tuskegee Institute, by Raliegh H. Merritt. The book is published by the Meador Publishing Company of Boston, Mass.

Mr. Merritt, a former student of Dr. Carver, briefly sketches the career of his famed tutor telling of his early struggles for an education, of his work at Tuskegee, of the versatility of the man and of his achievments in discovering new products from the native resources of the south. The volume also includes a supplement which contains a number of pamphlets issued by Dr. Carver.

A YEAR BOOK O' AMERICAN POETRY F R 1929.

Braithwaite's Anthology. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. This is the seventh annual issue. This collection contains several hundred poems written by the leading American poets of today. With the poems, and they are by new and old poets known and loved so well, is a reference yearbook of complete information covering the critical and bibliographical records of the year of American poetry. (George Sully & Co., New York.)

MAGAZINES FOR 1930.

Review of Reviews. Edited by Albert Shaw. The attractive cover immediately suggests a trip to Europe this spring either by airplane or boat. Among the interesting articles are "Mr. Hoover's Prosperity Plan," by Foster and Catchings; "Business in the New Year," by Julius H. Barnes; "The Other Side of Florida," by Bryan Mack; "Cuba, a Land of Sunshine," by E. D. Slevin and ten leading articles of the month, "The Farm Board in Action," with an interesting picture of the same, by James E. Boyle, professor of rural economy, Cornell Institute, with the inquiry, "Just What Has the Board Done to Date?" There were two questions that were not asked by the president—are you a republican? Are you a democrat? But the eight zealous believers in co-operative farming are now asked a question.

The Bookman. This magazine always has its particular place on the library table and it never lacks for readers. Among the popular writers are Alan Reynolds Thompson, William Troy, who writes most interestingly on "The Little Magazine," "Humanism and Impudence," by Robert Shafer. Arthur Bartlett Maurice on "The History of Their Books." Hamlin Garland writes an interesting article on "Roadside Meetings of a Literary Nomad." Eudora Ramsay Richardson writes on the subject, "The South Grows Up." This with many other articles, including "Rebecca West's Letter From Abroad," makes the new year's first issues of The Bookman interesting and instructive.

The World Traveler presents a reproduction of a beautiful colored engraving by W. N. Gardner, "The Steps of Anticoli." "Nanking—Newest of Capitals—Nanking," by Lady Drummond Hay. "A Day in Havana," by Warren Irvin. "Southward to Sportland," "Gloria in London," "Cruise of the New York Shops," etc. This is one of the most readable and beautiful magazines published. It is always up-to-date, the articles are clever and the style attractive.

North American Review. James A. Farrell writes most interestingly on "Prospects for Greater Prosperity." The table of contents shows the reader how many articles have been collected, all by well-known writers.

Randolph Edmonds Writes a New Book

BALTIMORE, May 3.—Randolph Edmonds, young Morgan college English teacher and director of dramatics, is author of "Shades and Shadows," a book which will be released this fall. Mr. Edmonds, unlike other writers of the Race, has sought for his material largely in the imagination. His book is expected to be the first work of pure imagination written by one of our authors.

Mr. Edmonds is also a playwright. One of his plays was produced at Oberlin college while he was a student there and two after he left the college. In all he is the author of eight dramatic productions. Since coming to Morgan college, he has organized the Morgan College Dramatic club and the Intercollegiate Dramatic association, of which he is president. The association has branches at Howard, Union, Virginia State college, Hampton and Morgan colleges.

The New South Takes Stock

THE NEGRO IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. *Report of the Negro Welfare Survey Committee. The Richmond Council of Social Agencies.* $1 a copy postpaid of *The Survey*.

NOTHING could be more indicative of a progressive or changed social attitude than this quite comprehensive study by the combined social agencies of a famous, but for that reason, most orthodox southern community of the conditions and social welfare needs of its relatively large Negro population. Objectively approached, cooperatively conducted, and jointly endorsed as far as its constructive recommendations go, it is of far more than local or technical significance. It is an evident and welcome sign of a new social conscience and a new public policy.

There is more than a meagre statistical cross section picture of the Negro population in this study. For example, attitudes and reasons for and against labor unions are given as well as figures about union membership; health conditions and crime delinquency are investigated from the double angle of the white physician and judge and the Negro professional or volunteer worker. And the report has no need to be apologetic about its apparently simple and practical approach. Too many surveys are heavy with facts and figures and weak on direct diagnostic and remedial suggestions. The recommendations that the survey be considered primarily a "general guide to the understanding of the welfare needs of the Negro in the city" and that the study be continued through a permanent sub-committee of the combined welfare agencies of Richmond are of the greatest practical import. Clear-cut recommendations, without apologetic trimming, on things that must undoubtedly be precedents for most southern, or for that matter, most American communities—Negro policewomen, standardized pay for paid Negro social workers, standardized Negro schools, and the like are given with all the obviousness of fair and scientifically estimated human needs. The spirit of this survey points the way to a new social welfare program in the South, and therefore, of a great new hope on the horizon of the race question in particular and social advance in general.

Howard University ALAIN LOCKE

Mr. Monroe N. Work, director of the Department of Records and Research, has received a copy of the first volume of the newly published catalogue of the library of the Royal Empire Society, formerly the Royal Colonial Institute of London, England. While compiling his "Bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America" Mr. Work did some research work in the library of the Royal Colonial Institute.

Mr. Evans Lewin, librarian of the society, writes Mr. Work:

"As this volume contains a bibliography of Africa, and is in some degree complementary to your own excellent Bibliography of the Negro, the committee thought that you might like to have a copy of this work to place in the library of the Tuskegee Institute."

A. W. ZILTON, LITTLE ROCK NEGRO WRITES REMARKABLE BOOK

On January first, seventh and fourteenth, two groups of prominent Negro churchmen, heads of colleges, schools, and business men of the race, met at the home of A. W. Zilton, 2300 Cross Street, Little Rock to discuss the Zilton book, which many declare to be the most constructive work ever produced, dealing as it does with the Negro, his opportunities and larger future in the rural South. The title of the book is: "The Negro's Need of the Nation, And the Nation's Need of the Negro."

The work is strikingly unlike many books formally written about the Negro, in that it spends little time in discussing the so-called race problem but rather, presents a program that is capable of overcoming anything relative to the race that may be construed as a race problem in the future. From the foreword to the last sentence in the book, the reader will find a new interest and charm in what is generally looked upon as common place and uninviting subject the author discusses in an exhaustive and comprehensive manner every phase of Negro life, and the problems urban and rural, void of prejudice, antagonism or condemnation of any other race group

The book shows that the author has made careful and extensive research in every field pertaining to the agricultural, industrial and economic activities of the race, especially in the South, citing exhaustive statistics and facts to sustain his claims. The work will doubtless prove a revelation to all who are interested in a greater, happier and more contented rural South. Becaue of the inherent worth and special endeavor that will benefit all races alike, a larger understanding will result therefrom.

THE EDUCATION OF AFRICANS.

To the Editor of WEST AFRICA.

Sir,—In thanking you for the kind remarks relative to my sketch "West Africa One Hundred Years Hence," published in the January number of "Elders Review," which appeared in your issue of the 18th instant, I should like, in reference to my letter to the "Times" of January 13, to draw your attention to the following points:—

1. My letter dealt exclusively with the Natives of East, Central, and South-Central Africa, who, at present, stand upon an intellectual plane differing totally from those in the Gold Coast and others of our West African Colonies.

2. The system of education pursued in the Divisions with which I dealt, if my information is correct, is in no way comparable to that which has been so successfully adopted in the Gold Coast, and in which the Achimota College is leading the way.

3. If the dangers to which Sir Hesketh Bell and I drew attention are realised in time, there is no apparent reason why, a century from now, the Natives of the British Dependencies on the other side of the continent should not also be approaching in educational attainment the standard of eminence which is already so striking a characteristic of their brethren in that already prosperous Colony in which the scene of my sketch was laid.

Your obedient servant,

January 22. R. C. F. MAUGHAM

A BLACK BOXER

POOR NIGGER. By Orio Vergani. 306 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THIS is not just another book about a Negro. It is a compelling portrait of a black boxer dedicated to defeat. He was a child of the barbarous sunlight of equatorial Africa; he spent his adult life in the baffling shadows of France; he died in the fantastic glare of a New York night. The story is a dramatization of his dismay in the face of an Aryan universe. It will recall, naturally, the career of the Senegalese Siki.

The manner of telling the story is curiously uneven. It varies from a kind of soft impressionism that is rather sentimental to hard, rocky realism. One is attentive to the author's brooding soliloquies over the black man's fate, even though one is not always convinced. There has been so much brooding about that melancholy destiny in contemporary writing that it will presently become meaningless. The logic is too easy, the form too pat. Surely all black men cannot be African Hamlets. Here the thesis is saved by the flow of sharply drawn episodes in the life of the central character.

Properly, he had no name. When chance and hunger made him a boxer he was widely known as George Boykin. He had been called George by an officer who took a casual, patronizing interest in the small black boy who wandered over from the native hut where he had been born. The officer found an old dress shirt at the bottom of his box. He had no use for it there, and anyway the shirt was no good any more. He gave it to the child to wear. The shirt had a stain on it that might have been made by the bottom of a glass. It looked like the letter G. It amused him to spell on with ink, and so he was given a label. Presently, when he had grown old enough to see a death that was to remain burned in his mind all his life, and to be wounded in a café brawl between sailors and soldiers, and to be adopted by the widow of a port engineer, he carried that name to France. There he got a surname, and fame. He was as puzzled and uneasy under the one as under the other.

The woman had taken him to France as her servant, but he got lost as soon as they landed, and he never saw her again. Only once during the rest of his life was he among his own kind. That was when he served in the war with the Senegalese, a short, blurred episode. For the rest he was always an alien, profoundly separated from the people who packed closely around him. They could not understand his laughter, they could not stand his aloofness. They could only capitalize his strength.

After he had gone cold and hungry for many days he was taken up by an Englishman who ran a boxing school and took a troupe of boxers barnstorming through the provinces. George showed that he could fight, but he was docile enough around the training quarters. The wife of the promoter seduced him. They were discovered. There was a complete rearrangement of the household. But George's career continued. He did not particularly want to become a champion. He had not the ambition that was needed, and his strongest belief was that he would be defeated. The author shows a considerable knowledge of the field and history of pugilism here, and he presents it with ironic scorn. The bravura and the finance of the manly art of modified murder flow endlessly around this lonely black man. Finally it brings to him coronation and destruction.

THE GEORGIA COAST

GREAT OAKS. By Ben Ames Williams. 351 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS is ever a skillful and facile narrator of good stories; he has the gift of making swift action and improbable incident seem fascinatingly credible. In his latest work he has lost none of his ease in the telling of a story—or rather a series of stories. An island off the Georgia coast, rich in tropical beauty, its foliage and flowers stained in lovely hues, is the theatre of this quasi-historical romance which carries the reader from the Indian occupation of the island to the approximate present. Actually, the island is more than the theatre; it is the chief protagonist. Its inhabitants come and go, but the great brooding oaks are constants in a world of flux. Birth and death and the sweep of the centuries leave them fixed and immobile, and their timelessness permeates the entire island.

The succession of episodes which omprise the book all stem from ach other in various connecting legrees. The two longest, "The Chevalier" and "The Planter," are hose which trace the dominion of the Kirk family over the island; they embrace three generations of Kirks and bring the novel down to the end—and also to the beginning. Mr. Williams tells his story by the flash-back method of the cinema. Speaking in the first person, he recounts, while a guest at a house-party given by the present owners, the history of all the troubled lives and eras which have culminated in the island's purchase by the rich Northerner who is his host at the book's outset. The action is panoramic and swift-moving from the time the first missionary is killed by the savage Indian occupants until the stormy Civil War period when the last outsider, a Yankee sea-captain of Negro-baiting tendencies, is killed by an angered slave of the younger Kirk.

Blackbeard, the pirate scourger of the Georgia coast, figures largely in one episode; the Civil War gives ground for much discussion of slavery pro and con, and various other characters and events of historical and semi-historical substance tread their way in and out of the tale. Always there is steady progress in the welding of the island under one rule, in intermarriage and overlapping ownership among the different landholders.

The author's style is sometimes stilted and over-decorated; occasionally the lushness of the scene seeps into and enervates the tale. For the most part, however, it catches the spirit of the men and women who move so glamourously under its spell. Mr. Williams, in his dedication, calls it "a book of the dreams men dream and the loyal tenderness of women." That is a serviceable description; the men are gallant fighters for justice and chivalry. Fortunately, most of them have a sense of humor to save them from a threatening woodenness. The women are a little too loyal and a little too tender to achieve much stature; they are always "romantic."

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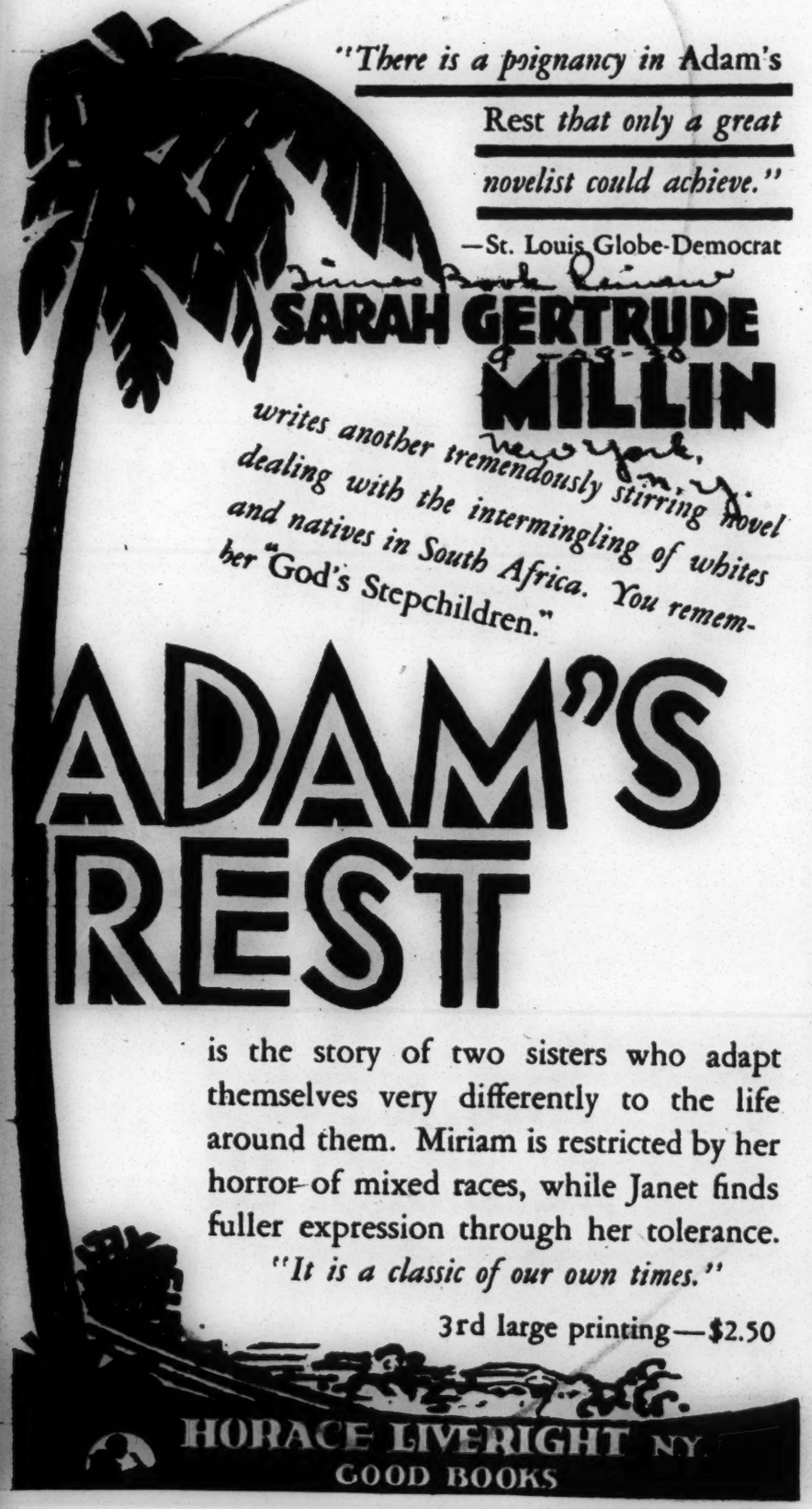
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Book Review

Negroes in Fantasia

SHADES AND SHADOWS, by Randolph Edmonds. Published by The Meador Company, Boston. $1.50.

AT the Central Park Zoo there are two llamas, animals well worth looking at for an hour. They look top heavy, their wide back and full bodies taper down to ankles and feet smaller than a goat's, and there are symmetry and grace in their every movement. You wonder how they can balance themselves on such tiny legs and feet. Your wonder would increase if you could see a llama in the Andes Mountains, with a two hundred pound load on its back, serenely treading a ridge six inches wide over a chasm ten thousand feet deep—a feat that no other animal in the world could equal.

The llama should be the ideal and symbol of every author who ventures into the world of fantasy, for there, if anywhere, absolute sure-footedness is a sine qua non. If the Andean llama's foot slips an eighth of an inch, he is gone; if a fantasy slips a hundredth of an inch, its spell is gone. In polemic, realistic or naturalistic writing an author may flounder through a whole book without losing his essential message or effect; sometimes his very floundering creates a semblance of power. But a fantasy must be poised as delicately as the point of a needle; one grain of crass reality explodes it utterly.

Never-Never Land, therefore, has been explored successfully by very few writers. Coleridge did it royally with his ancient mariner and half did it with Christabel. Maeterlinck managed it with bluebirds. Barrie is widely acclaimed for it, though you are never sure whether "Peter Pan" is art or senility. Blake's prophetic visions are beautiful, even if they do sound like a madman's dreams. Poe achieved the fantastic unquestionably, in spite of his proclivity for word-golf. Kipling, of course, tries everything once, but he is a little heavy-handed. Of the writers active today Dunsany is about the only one who keeps his footing on the Andean ridge of the shadow world.

More power to Randolph Edmonds. He is a young Morgan College teacher of English, founder and president of the Negro Intercollegiate Dramatic Association, and a director of the Krigwa Little Theatre Players of Baltimore. In this book he has left Harlem and the other popular locales of Negro authors behind; in fact, he has all but left the earth behind, much as Poe did in "Ulalume." He is the first Negro author to enter the twilight zone between this world and the next.

"Shades and Shadows" is a volume of six stories written in dramatic form but meant to be read and not acted. In spite of the skeptics, there is a place for unactable drama; it has given us some great literature—Shelley's "Prometheus," for instance.

Of the six pieces in this book only two really tell a story. "Shades and Shadows," the title story, is the closest to earth; in fact, it is all earth. Its inclusion in this book is justified by its dealing with a morbid young writer who tries to write just such things as this book consists of. "The Devil's Price" is the most ambitious of the six efforts. It is in four acts and is a new handling of the Faust legend, except that the hero sells himself to the Devil for power instead of youth.

Walton, the hero of "The Devil's Price," has been arrested and imprisoned by the king's soldiers and had his money wrested from him. Burning for revenge, he goes home cursing the monarchy and sells himself to the Devil at the Devil's price. He is soon called upon to lead a rebellion against the king, which he does successfully, and he in turn becomes king. But instead of the democratic government that he had promised he gives the people a worse tyranny than they had before, executing royalists wholesale and even having his faithful wife executed because she objects to his murderous policies. Finally he is poisoned by a dancer and the Devil comes to claim him. In the end Walton wakes up and finds it was all a dream.

That is too bad; the story would have been better without this amateurish touch. When an author goes in for fantasy he should do it wholeheartedly, making no concessions to reality; he should more or less outlaw himself. The moment a fantasy flirts with earth it is gone.

There are trenchant lines in this piece that augur a fine future for this young writer of dramas. Most of them are put in the mouth of Waldo, the fool. When a toast is proposed to "the spirit of democracy" Waldo says that that's all democracy is—a ghost. He also sings: "Forget your troubles in a river of wine, and they'll come back when the sun does shine." When Walton cries out that he sees the Devil, Waldo says: "You are the only devil in this room." Throughout the story Waldo is a Sancho Panza, trying to keep Don Quixote's feet on earth.

The other four stories are neither dramas nor stories; they might be called sketches in dramatic form. In "Everyman's Land" two souls of dead soldiers go along together till one, the soul of a Southerner, discovers that the other is the soul of a Negro.

"The Phantom Treasure" tells of two colored youths in Georgia who dig for buried money only to have it rattle back out of their reach when they talk too loud. This is a familiar Negro folk-song. "The Tribal Chief" goes all the way to Thibet, near the Himalayas, for its setting; its heroine is a priestess condemned to death because she has allowed herself to be devirginated. The story itself is less remarkable than the weird beauty of its atmosphere.

Since atmosphere is nine-tenths of fantastic literature, "Hewers of Wood" should be the most effective of these four dramatic sketches; but it is not. The atmosphere is the most cogent of them all; but it is neutralized by a strange blunder. Hajan and Nabob are Negro slaves in a strange land; the setting is Oriental-African, yet they talk the dialect of the American cotton-field Negro. With this one slip, what should be the most convincing of all the sketches falls to the ground.

"Shades and Shadows" shows that Randolph Edmonds can give us things of beauty. But in the spirit-world he must learn to watch his step.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

NEGRO PERIODICALS LIST REVISED BY DEPARTMENT

9-10-30 Washington D.C.

The list of Negro newspapers, magazines, trade journals, and press services in the United States, prepared by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at the request of national associations, has been revised recently and is available from the Bureau without charge. The list is not claimed to be complete, but it includes all publications which have come to the attention of the Bureau, through direct communication with publishers or from such authentic sources as the Associated Negro Press and the National Negro Press Association.

Domestic Commerce Vol. II U.S. Dept. of Commerce

Besides 5 press services in three cities, 11 general and fraternal monthly publications, an equal number of business and trade periodicals, and 24 religious publications, 127 newspapers, issued in 77 cities, are listed. ...shington D.C.

Still Waiting

STORIES AND SPIRITUALS OF THE NEGRO SLAVE. By William C. Emerson, M. D. Published by the Gorham Press, Boston.

THE EARLY SETTLERS OF THE BAHAMA ISLANDS. By A. T. Bethell. Published by Rounce & Wortley, Norfolk, England.

Unsatisfactory

12-26-30

Good Negro Interest

EVERY DEATH of a former slave is a reminder of how much material for good literature has gone to waste. Soon all the slaves will be gone, and their stories with them. We shall have books that are called slave tales, stories of good or bad massas, descriptions of cabins, rags and pallets, and the other externals of slave life; but not the real human interest, the real dramas that were lived through in two hundred and fifty years of servitude. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is about the only book that made readers feel slavery, and even it was watered with sentimentality. Many slave tales never found their way into books.

An old slave tells this story: "When I was ten years old my master was sore at his cousin, who owned the plantation next to his. One day the cousin was having a coming-out party for his daughter, and all the dignitaries were invited; but my master was left out. So he got about twenty of us little black kids together and took us to the edge of the plantation. When he saw that his cousin's veranda was full of ladies he made us kids strip naked, go over to the house and run across the veranda. It nearly broke up the party, and the two cousins fought a duel about it."

And what of the drama surrounding the Fugitive Slave Law? The slave would run away, knowing nothing of his road except that he must follow the North Star, travel by night and hide in the woods by day. Imagine his panic and haste with dawn breaking and the nearest woods six miles away. Once a runaway slave darted into an Abolitionist's house in Pennsylvania with the officers hot on his heels. They searched the house, even the mistress's bedroom; but they never found the fugitive. The mistress pretended to be sick in bed and hid the slave under her among the voluminous bedclothes. Naturally, the officers never thought of looking there. That woman was no other than Lucretia Mott.

A reader who knows such stories picks up a book like "Stories and Spirituals of the Negro Slave" with a glow of expectation. In this case the glow soon dies away. These are the actual life stories of slaves still living, told by the ex-slaves themselves. They tell nothing but the ordinary, monotonous things, the birth, the massa and missus, the overseer, the hard work and the war, followed by freedom and more working for "whi' folks." The male slaves say, "I got married"; the women say, "I married a nigger." Chivalry among slaves, as among more cultured folk, seems to be a one-sex affair.

The banality of these narratives is not to be blamed on the slaves themselves. Like ignorant persons of all races, they don't know drama even when they are living through it. A man can have a life of breath-taking adventure and yet be a very dull companion. This volume contains a good photograph of every slave whose story is told, and one look at their faces shows that they have lived through experiences twenty times as interesting as anything that is told here.

The fault lies with the author, who did not dig for the drama behind these rugged faces. The imprint of suffering, hope and determination is upon all of them; their postures give the impression of bearing up against disaster and finally throwing it off; their whole aspect belies the commonplace details of this book. In any one of them a Victor Hugo would see a subject for a gigantic novel, something to equal "Les Miserables."

Each narrative is followed by a spiritual, or what the author regards as a spiritual. This is a much-abused word; the public has come to give the name of spiritual to everything sung by the slaves. "Run, Nigger, Run," "Boil Dem Turnips Down," and "Coon Up in de 'Simmon Tree," are no more spirituals than "Yankee Doodle."

Perhaps before the last ex-slave dies somebody with an eye for drama will get a big story out of him. That somebody had better hurry, for the time is getting short.

A reviewer's life consists largely of waiting for stories that never come. More than once this reviewer has looked wistfully toward the West Indies for tales of Negro adventure. Haiti, of course, has been well attended to; but Haiti is not the only Caribbean island, there are about a thousand others. Negroes have been in and out among them ever since Columbus found them.

For years yarns have been seeping up from Jamaica, Trinidad, Nevis, St. Croix and the others; but they don't get into books. An island that can produce a fellow like Marcus Garvey can surely give us a colorful novel. What of the Maroons, the rebellious slaves, who escaped and formed a colony of their own in the mountains? What of the Negro who became a pirate, clubbed together a crew of men from all races, and became famous as "the black Corsair"?

"The Early Settlers of the Bahama Islands" tells nothing of all this; in fact, it says very little of Negroes, except that they were sold or willed to someone, or manumitted. The chief historical interest of the Bahamas is that one of them, San Salvador, was the spot where Columbus discovered America; but we all knew that before.

This book starts with the discovery of America, then branches off into colonial history of the United States. The author feels called upon to give us the entire history of the American Revolution. He says this is necessary because many of the American Tories fled to the Bahamas! Forty-two pages are given to matter that could have been disposed of in two or three introductory paragraphs.

The part actually dealing with the Bahamas is a compilation of lists of meaningless names, land grants, wills, and other documents. There are several accounts of the pirates, which might have been more interesting if they had been treated connectedly. The book as a whole is too disjointed to give a unified impression.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES ARE USING NEGRO GERMAN ARTICLES FOR CLASS READING

Courier 10-14-30

NEW YORK, Oct. 16—(ANP)—"Die Friedensfront," special issue by Negro writers, edited by William Pickens, and containing also an article by William Pickens and Herbert J. Seligmann and contributions by other Negroes in different parts of the world, is being used for classroom work by the foreign language departments of many colleges and universities, from New England to California. The latest institutions to order copies for classroom use are Department of German of New York University, Foreign Language Department of Drury College, Springfield, Mo., and the Modern Language Department of Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Copies have previously been ordered by Guilford College (white) in North Carolina; the University of Southern California, Los Angeles; the University of Washington, the University of Missouri, Boston University and by many other colleges and a number of high schools.

A note from the foreign language department of Boston University says that they find the material most useful.

Bibliography - 1930

Book Review

From Peanuts to Pickles

FROM CAPTIVITY TO FAME, the Life of George Washington Carver, by Raleigh H. Merritt. Published by the Meador Publishing Co., Boston.

Amsterdam News
9-3-38

THE sweet potato is not a potato; it is a morning glory. Out of it you can get such diverse products as paste, ginger, vinegar, ink, shoeblacking, coffee, rubber, and 171 other surprising things. The peanut, the lowly goober, is even more amazing. If you should tell the average person that pickles can be made out of peanuts, he would call you insane; and he would start running away from you if you went on to say that the peanut yields also cheese, better milk than cow's milk, coffee, soap, face powder, bleaching, shampoo lotions, chocolate, ink, tan remover, dyes and 191 other substances.

New York Herald Tribune

These wonders are no hallucinations, nor are they merely scientific theories. They are actual and demonstrated facts, as real as the radio. It is not to be wondered that people are incredulous, for the atmosphere of miracles lingers about them. From reading the Bible we have become used to the idea of turning water into wine, and we see the modern bootlegger turning it into something worse; but the thought of turning peanuts into pickles, sweet potatoes into shoeblacking, is hard to digest.

This wizardry has been accomplished by George Washington Carver of Tuskegee Institute, the greatest agricultural chemist in the history of this nation. He has been called the black Burbank; but this sobriquet is more a compliment to Burbank than to Carver. For all the publicity received by Luther Burbank, Carver is a much greater scientist. Burbank did stunts with plants; Carver works miracles. Burbank, by his skill in hybridization, produced new plants that were more convenient for eating than their parents; he was a great cross-breeder, attempting to solve nature's secrets by combinations.

Carver has never attempted that; he doesn't think that nature can be improved upon. He is content to take her as she is and unlock her secret doors. His work brings up anew the theory of the old Pythagorean school that everything in the universe is related to everything else. Only a man like him could have bridged the gap between peanuts and pickles.

His life, as told in this volume by Raleigh H. Merritt, white, was one of struggle in his youth. He was born a slave in 1864. on a Missouri plantation owned by a benevolent family named Carver. It was several years before he had a first name, but finally he received that of George Washington because of his reputation for truthfulness. He knew little or nothing of his parents. His mother was stolen before he came to know her and apparently he never saw his father, who was killed by an ox.

He was a sickly boy, shy and solitary, a dreamer. He always walked in the woods, studying every weed and flower and learning the calls of the birds, which he can imitate to this day. Throughout his childhood a question kept beating at his brain: "Why did God make plants?"

When old enough, he walked eight miles to a log cabin school. While attending it he slept in a barn. His experience in housework with the Carvers came in handy, for he worked as cook, kitchen man and dishwasher. Finally he was graduated from the high school at Fort Scott, Kan., and was ready for the higher education. He tried to enter an Iowa college, but was refused attendance because of his color. In 1890 he entered Iowa State College, taking his degree in 1894. His record was so brilliant that he was retained on the faculty till 1896. While in college he supported himself by all kinds of work. Two years ago his college recalled him to give him an honorary degree. In 1896 he met Booker T. Washington and decided to go to Tuskegee, where his great work began. He is still at Tuskegee.

As the head of the Tuskegee Agricultural Department, Mr. Carver's first problem was the Alabama soil, which was notoriously poor because of erosion and exhaustion from too much growing of cotton. He resolved to show that this apparently wornout soil could be refertilized. Farmers were using thousands of dollars' worth of expensive imported fertilizers with scanty results. Carver at once applied the theory that underlies all his achievements—that nature, if properly handled, will cure herself. He experimented with the muck and mud and rotten leaves of the vicinity, and changed the rotation of the crops. A great improvement resulted.

Carver's object, as distinguished from Luther Burbank's, was not to create new plants, but to develop those that already existed. Thus he was soon growing cornstalks twenty feet high, with gigantic ears, and titanic cabbages. He took the scuppernong grape and made forty-nine products out of it.

He was called to Washington to address the Congress, and was allowed fifteen minutes to speak. When his time was up he stopped; but the enthusiastic Senators and Congressmen called for more and more, till he had spoken for nearly two hours. Tributes came to him from every part of the country. Thomas A. Edison offered him a position on his staff, but Carver declined to leave Tuskegee.

His two pet passions are the peanut and the sweet potato. He was the first to discover that the sweet potato is no kin of the white potato, that it is a member of the morning glory family. He can grow lyrical about peanuts. In one speech he burst out: "God, what is a peanut? Why did you make it? Why, if one knows the peanut, he can find food and shelter; he can produce medicine out of that peanut, he can find washing powders, face bleach, candy, boards and the walls of a home!"

He calls his work incomplete. The secrets of nature that he has discovered have opened vistas of still greater secrets. One serious criticism, however, can be made of this wizard: he has never written down the formulas of his achievements. If he should die today, his knowledge would die with him, to the eternal loss of humanity. He does not realize the greatness of his work.

AUBREY BOWSER.

"Achievements of Negro Women" in Sketch Form

Amsterdam

A sketch in eight episodes, portraying the "Achievements of Negro Women" in a form siutable for simple presentation by groups of almost any size, has recently been prepared by Miss Geneva W. Blake, social worker and teacher at Cheyney Training School.

The purpose of this sketch, to quote from the foreword, is "to encourage a deeper interest in Negro women and what they are doing, also to develop the latent artistic powers of the groups giving the pageant by having them interpret in their own way the work of these outstanding women."

The characters outlined are chosen from various fields and times—Phyllis Wheatley, the poet of George Washington's day, down to Mary Bethune, the educator, and Marion Anderson, the famous contralto. Material for reference is suggested.

The leaflet, "Achievements of Negro Women," may be obtained from the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, 1924 Chestnut street. Philadelphia.

Book Review

Courier
9-10-38

"Africa at Work," by W. Tete-Ansa. Order from Native Af n Union, Inc., 222 W. 135th St., New York City, or any of the Industrial and Commercial Bank, Ltd., 320 Broadway, N. Y. Price $1. Reviewed by Geraldyn Dismond.

After reading the many articles devoted to the Dark Continent," Africa, it is refreshing to note that someone has seen the necessity of enlightening the Western world, especially the North American Negro, as to the more worthwhile achievements of the mother country.

W. Tete-Ansa, a native African from the Gold Coast, West Africa, saw the need, and took upon himself this task. The result is a most informative book entitled "Africa at Work."

Africa, as before mentioned, has been looked upon as the "Dark Continent," and it has been good policy for certain interests to keep up this illusion. Tete-Ansa in this book sets forth ably the story of an Africa that is quick with industrial life, producing enormous amounts of raw products on which world industries depend and consuming like amounts of manufactures.

He tells of the Africans' efforts and needs to make this enormous business their own, and of the opportunity that exists for development; for the trained men necessary to this development and the profit derivable from it.

While the appeal is to the Negro race on the sound basis of industrial co-operation, the book should serve the wider purpose of dispelling illusions and fallacies fostered by those whose interest lies in misinforming teh world concerning Africans, and in keeping the native in financial bondage.

No attempt is made at story writing. Facts and opportunities are Tete-Ansa's theme; and the field for profitable investment and trade through the channels described are worthy the attention of business men and capitalists, regardless of race.

The author sets forth his reasons for desiring the co-operation of the American Negro with the native African; and he firmly believes that the outcome of the union will result in economic emancipation for both races. His creed, so to speak, is "Co-Operation." He also believes, from the facts supplied in his book, that "Africa Speaks to Her Children Through Commerce."

He gives a concise history of the institutions of which he is the founder, namely, the West African Co-Operative Producers, Ltd., and the Industrial and Commercial Bank, Ltd., both of which operate in Lagos, Nigeria and Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa; also the West African American Corporation, which is the outcome of his stay in this country. This information, aside from being most interesting, is nothing less than astonishing when it is remembered that these facts are true and can be substantiated.

The statistics as well as the illustrations in "Africa at Work," gives one a new slant on Africa and its industries.

Mr. Tete-Ansa is a native of Gold Coast, British West Africa; a member ofthe Manyo Krobo Tribe; educated in the Gold Coast schools. A leader of his race, he has sensed the advantages of co-operative selling and buying to the producer of raw materials; and in the face of seemingly unsurmountable opposition has organized his co-farmers into unions which need only capital to make them a power in world industry and commerce.

His official capacities in the abovementioned companies are: Vice chairman and attorney-in-fact of the West African Co-Operative Producers, Ltd., and the Industrial and Commercial Bank, Ltd.; also director and vice chairman of the West African American Corporation.

Writes "Blue Book" About Africa, People

Negro World
10-15-38

NEW YORK.—Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, editor of The Crisis magazine and member of the board of directors of the N. A. A. C. P., has written a "blue book" in the Haldeman-Julius series published at Girard, Kan., on "Africa, Its Geography, People and Products."

The pamphlet is 64 pages long and, like the other booklets in the series, sells for 5 cents.

Lo, the Poor Mestizo!

Amsterdam News

ROSY, THE OCTOROON, by Albert Evander Coleman. Meador Publishing Company, Boston. $1.50.

New York, N.Y.

"HISTORY is a fiction agreed upon," said the much-quoted Napoleon, whose words have accomplished almost as much as his battles. Ever since he said it people have quoted him to justify their mental laziness. Inventors who save humanity from physical labor are popular; but they never receive as much adulation as the man who saves people from mental labor. People will do anything rather than think, and from this reluctance to disturb the convolutions of the brain has come government by catchwords, tags and labels. The real ruler of the United States is the phrase-maker.

One of the mental hand-me-downs of the American public is that a person of mixed blood has a rotten time of it. Such a being, according to Americans, is not a man or a woman, but a synthesis; he or she cannot have the normal human emotions and reactions, but must act like a chemical mixture. They draw their analogy from the physical world; hydrogen and oxygen are gases, but if you combine them you don't get another gas; you get water. The Caucasian and the Negro are men, but if you mix them you don't get a man. With all the Alice-in-Woodland logic in this country, it is not history that is a fiction agreed upon; it is the present.

9/24/30

Persons of mixed blood form the greater part of the Negro population, and if they don't have a good time nobody does. It is only in fiction that they spend their time fighting themselves, suffering, hating, whining and finally taking poison. And we have had a long string of them in fiction—too many of them, all barking their shins on the barbed-wire race line.

"Rosy, the Octoroon," by Albert Evander Coleman, is another one. She is not the heroine of the original play, "The Octoroon," which was produced some scores of years ago. She is a new one, and her story is placed in Reconstruction days. The author endeavors to depict some of the things the Negro had to suffer in that period. All we have heard of, so far, has been the suffering of the impoverished white Southerners. We have been fed upon stories of how they had to flee to the swamps with their families to escape the ravages and ravishings of a hordeof black demons suddenly let loose upon them. We have been gorged with accounts of Negroes sitting in the legislatures when they could not read or write.

This book, in a sketchy way, essays to portray what Negroes went through in Reconstruction years. Federal troops were in South, but as Andrew Johnson was President the Negroes did not get much protection. It is no wonder they hated Andy Johnson. They were killed with or without provocation, shot, stabbed, thrown off boats, and no one was punished for it. Mayor Monroe of New Orleans consented to the bloody attack on a convention of Negroes in that city in 1866. The Ku Klux Klan terrorized the countryside. Even whites were murdered if they sympathized with the Union. Negroes on trial for crime were not allowed to testify for themselves. Defeated in war, the Southerners took out all their bitterness on the Negro. Yet all we hear of is daintily bred aristocrats outraged by black fiends.

In "Rosy the Octoroon," the author tries to do two things in a book which has not room for both of them. Besides attempting to give an idea of the period, he tells a story.

It begins with a Boston couple named Sykes, who are traveling in the South. Mrs. Sykes is a miltant Abolitionist and the boss of her husband. She resents the way she sees Negroes being treated, she interferes in every quarrel in which she sees a Negro engaged. Her husband tries to stop her, fearing for his own head; but she keeps it up.

On a boat they meet a beautiful octoroon girl named Rosy, the illegitimate child of a white planter and his housekeeper. Mrs. Sykes, meeting Mr. Rimway, the planter, charges him with Rosy's paternity, and he gives an exhibition of Southern chivalry; he challenges Mr. Sykes to a duel over what he calls a foul slander. Mrs. Sykes takes Rosy under her wing. On the boat a young Southern white tries to interest Rosy, but she rebuffs him. The Sykes couple finally have to leave the boat because of their (or her) Negro sympathies. They take Rosy with them to Boston, where Mrs. Sykes installs the girl in her home like a daughter.

From that point the story grows less and less convincing. Rosy, who has talked Negro plantation dialect all her life and cannot read, all at once appears with a use of English and a social poise that makes her the envy of the most cultured stratum of Boston Back Bay society. She captivates Billy Exter, the nephew of Mrs. Sykes and the catch of Boston. She falls in love with him and is about to consent to marry him when two former admirers reappear. Both are colored. One is a fine young student at Oberlin named Miller; the other is a nondescript named Lachet.

Lachet, jealous of Miller, lies in wait and shoots him dead in front of the Sykes home on Beacon street, then he kills himself. This murder and the Boston climate work on Rosy and she contracts tuberculosis. She dies, and Billy Exter, her white lover, dedicates his life to the service of the Negro.

Thus the story is not a skillful one. The author asserts that every incident in it is based upon a fact; but only amateurs think that facts make a story convincing. Some of the greatest stories in literature haven't one fact in them from end to end, and some of the worst have nothing but facts.

It would have been better if the author had let Rosy alone and written a history of the Reconstruction period. Such a history from a Negro viewpoint would be enlightening. It is time the Reconstruction Negro received the credit that is due him.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

BOOK CHAT

AN INTERESTING PUBLICATION

Journal & Guide

A sketch in eight episodes portraying the Achievements of Negro Women in a form suitable for simple presentation by groups of almost any size has recently been prepared by Miss Geneva W. Blake, social worker and teacher at Cheyney Training School. The purpose of this sketch, to quote from the Foreword, is "to encourage a deeper interest in Negro women and what they are doing, also to develop the latent artistic powers of the groups giving the pageant by having them interpret in their own way the work of these outstanding women." The characters outlined are chosen from various fields and times, —Phyllis Wheatley, the poet of George Washington's day, down to Mary Bethune, the educator, and Marian Anderson, the famous contralto. Material for reference is suggested.

10-11-30

The leaflet, Achievements of Negro Women, may be obtained at ten cents a copy from the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, 1924 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Norfolk, Va.

Julia Peterkin's Pulitzer Prize novel, "Scarlet Sister Mary" is being produced as a play, Ethel Barymore taking the title role. Mrs. Peterkin is at her summer home at Murrell's Inlet, South Carolina, working on her new book.

Tennille Dix whose biography of Gilles de Rais, "The Black Baron," has just been published, comes from a writing family. Both his father, William Frederick Dix and his uncle, Edwin Ash Dix have written and published novels. Young Dix lives in East Orange, N. J., though at the present time he is honeymooning in Europe where his address is "Ford Car. Number 86332 B. Europe."

DR. DU BOIS WRITES BLUE BOOK

Daily Worker

10-1-30

New York, Oct.—Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, editor of the Crisis Magazine and member of the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, has written a "blue book" in the Haldeman-Julius series published at Girard, Kansas, on "Africa, Its Geography, People and Products."

London, Canada

The pamphlet is sixty-four pages long, and like the other booklets in the series sells for five cents.

Meridian, Miss. Star
Sunday, September 28, 1930

Young Selma Writer Depicts Life of Negro

Adding another point to the statement that the South is advancing in the production of this nation's present day literature this week saw the publication of another book by a new Southern writer, Miss Annie Vaughan Weaver of Selma, Ala.

This volume of children's negro stories is Miss Weaver's first work and is published under the title of "Frawg." "Frawg," it appears, is a real live person, a five year old negro boy, who lives on the Weaver plantation near Minter, Dallas county, in Alabama. The stories are delightful tales of things that happended to him and his Ma and Pa and his six brothers and sisters who live in a cabin in the middle of the cornfield.

The author illustrates her stories with several of her own sketches which are a "fascinating complement to the stories."

Hugh Lofting, author of Dr. Doolittle books has written the afterword of the volume. He says of the writer, to whom he is a personal friend, "The pictures she draws best are pictures of colored people. And not only she draws pictures of them but she really knows them."

This young Selma writer is now at work on a second book of negro folklore stories from observations of living characters on her family's plantation in Dallas county. Miss Weaver wrote "Frawg" last summer to make expenses to carry on her study of sculpture in New York.

Publishing House Offers New Grammars

Norfolk, Va.

Baltimore, Nov. 28.—Two new grammars are now available for school and library use, it became known this week, when the Norman Publishing company announced that a "Modern English Grammar" and a "Simplified Review of English Grammar" were off the press. Both were written by T. D. Pawley of Virginia State college, Petersburg, Va.

Bibliography-1930

An Excellent Survey of a Little-Known Period

Commercial Appeal

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES: Statesman of Reunion. By H. J. Eckenrode. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. $5.

Reviewed by JAMES. I. FINNEY

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, a good man of the true New England strain, a plain, shrewd, capable, honest, rather commonplace individual, without a single dramatic characteristic, the victor in the disputed election of 1876, is one of the least known of our thirty presidents. In this volume Mr. Eckenrode has made a genuine contribution to one of the most important but most neglected periods in American history. The book is charmingly written; it gives evidence of detached judgment and fairness in appraising men and measures. It discusses philosophy, economics, politics in their various ramifications, and shows real understanding of the motives which actuated the characters in the tragedy of war and reconstruction that ended with Hayes' accession.

There can be no doubt that Hayes was above the average Republican politician of his time in honesty, sincerity and devotion to public service. He was just the type of administrator needed after the saturnalia of corruption under Grant. He did much to restore the presidency to its constitutional dignity and to free it from the domination of the congressional oligarchy that had been reigning supreme. In spite of the cloud on his election, Hayes so directed the affairs of the government and was so loyal to certain cardinal virtues that we generally esteem him a good although not a great man. In the great drama of reunion he perhaps rendered a service that would have been impossible to a more dramatic or more forceful character.

Hayes was a typical product of New England inheritance with Midwestern environment. Born in Ohio in 1822, he acquired, through the kindness of his uncle, an education far beyond the average among his contemporaries. He was never a brilliant or a showy man and but for the financial aid of his uncle, Sardis Birchard, might not have achieved success at the bar. In a period of forensic oratory, he was more of a success as office lawyer and civil law pleader than as an advocate. He was fortunate in his investments, and in his marriage, and soon accumulated a competency. 5-18-30

A Gallant Soldier

In 1861 he was finally able to gratify a thirst for military fame that he had had since boyhood, and got a commission as major of the Twenty-third Ohio infantry. He made a gallant, but not a brilliant soldier, and had the satisfaction of being mustered out of service in 1865 with the rank of brevet major-general. He had the good fortune to be wounded, though not seriously, in a desperate charge.

On the slavery question he never seems to have had very decided convictions, but transferred his allegiance from the decadent Whig party to the newly formed Republican party because it seemed the thing to do. He always went along with his party, until after he became President. As a regular of regulars, he even appealed for the reelection of Grant in 1872, though his heart must have been with the liberal Republicans.

In 1864, while with his regiment, he was nominated for Congress and was asked to come home and campaign. In reply he wrote: "An officer fit for duty who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress ought to be scalped." Of course he was elected. The letter was worth a thousand speeches. It reminds one of a similar letter written by William B. Bate from his camp at Wartrace, declining the Democratic nomination for governor in 1863.

Memphis Tenn.

Hayes served a term in Congress and two terms as governor of Ohio, making an exemplary record. After four years he was elected governor for a third time in 1875. During this term he received the Republican nomination for President. Conkling, whose bitter hostility to Blaine prevented the latter's nomination, was largely responsible for the choice of Hayes. The New York dandy with the "turkey gobbler strut" lived to rue bitterly the day when he aided in making Hayes President.

The Contested Election.

The story of the contested election of 1876 is a familiar one. The author has no doubt that the result was accomplished by force and fraud. Hayes may have had a majority of the honest votes in South Carolina; it is possible but not probable that the same result was achieved in Louisiana, but no unprejudiced, intelligent observer can justify the theft of Florida's four electoral votes. Hayes was finally permitted to achieve victory through the farcical partisan election commission, because of a bargain with Southern Democratic leaders in Congress whereby federal bayonets were to be withdrawn from the states still under subjugation to carpet-baggers and negroes. Hayes carried out in good faith his part of the bargain. The war really never ended until, amid the wild shouts of the populace, the federal soldiers were withdrawn from Louisiana and South Carolina and the proud Anglo-Saxon, for twelve long and bitter years under the heel of the corrupt and arrogant oppressor, came once more into his own.

The Northern Democrats resisted this compromise. They insisted upon a bitter-end struggle for the seating of Tilden. Upon this controversy between the Southerners and their Northern allies hangs the unjust charge of ingratitude made by the author against the former. It is true that the South owed its rehabilitation and its emergence from the dark days of reconstruction, of truth, its salvation to the loyalty and fidelity of the Northern Democrats. We unhesitatingly join the author in laying our tribute of love and gratitude upon the tombs of Hendricks and Dan Vorhees of Indiana; Allen G. Thurman of Ohio; Bayard of Delaware; Seymour of New York: and their followers and associates. They are as much entitled to praise as the heroic sons and daughters of the South who struggled against appalling odds to save Anglo-Saxon civilization.

A Necessary Compromise

Nevertheless, proceeding upon the hypothesis of the author that Hayes and not Tilden could have really accomplished the reunion of the states, we are sure that history will vindicate the motives, and the judgment and the course of the Southern Democrats in that great crisis. The Northern Democrats had fought a good fight; they were the real defenders of the constitution and of human liberty. They had suffered some obloquy and some persecution at home, but their situation was far different from that of the people of the subject South. For twelve long and weary years they had been the victims of corruption, debauchery and oppression unparalleled in the history of the Caucasian race.

A deliberate attempt supported by federal troops had been made to subject the Anglo-Saxons, with a thousand years of Christian civilization and achievement in the domain of self-government, to the unbridled rule of a race but lately emerged from barbarism and their unholy scalawag allies. The people of the South had been plundered, their substance had been wasted, and new forms of stealing had actually been invented so that generations not in being would be the victims of the rapacity and cupidity of the age. If a bargain with Hayes was necessary for redemption from a condition that daily grew more intolerable, then the deliberate judgment of history must approve that bargain. It is most certainly to Hayes' credit that he recognized his obligation though in doing so he forfeited the good will and support of the "bloody shirt wavers" in his own party.

We are not as sure as the author that Hayes really believed that he had been fairly elected and was legally entitled to the office of president. He would have been a unique character in politics if he had declined the office because the title was clouded. It might be refreshing but it will probably never happen that a candidate, with the goal of his life's ambition within his grasp will find his conscience so sensitive that he declines for that reason the office. The average candidate is concerned alone about results; he is seldom troubled about the means.

As President.

Of course the outstanding achievement of Rutherford B. Hayes' life was the reunion of thestates and the final redemption of the stricken South. But he did far more than this as president. He saw to it that the reign of corruption and debauchery under Grant was succeeded by honesty and upright public service. He really deserves credit for the inauguration of civil service reform. His staunch devotion to the doctrine of sound money was unquestionably a great factor in the final victory which that theory achieved.

In private life there has been no more exemplary statesman in the history of our country than Hayes.

It can truly be said that he and his charming wife at last made virtue fashionable in high circles in this country. He was a sincere advocate of temperance, and for the first time perhaps wine was entirely banished from White House functions. Hayes had moral courage as well as the physical sort which he displayed on the battlefields of the Civil war. Without it he would never have defied the corrupt politicians of his own party or thrown down the gage of battle to the congressional oligarchy.

We cannot entirely subscribe to the theory advanced by the author that a contrary decision of the electoral commission would have provoked civil disturbance and been followed by a military dictatorship under Grant. Nevertheless, there is ground for this assumption, and we do not doubt that although the constitution was defied and the ballot box made a farce and a mockery, the South, and through it the cause of Anglo-Saxon civilization, achieved a distinct triumph in the seating of Hayes.

Southern Gratitude.

We do not share with the author his view that the South should erect a monument to the memory of Hayes, who he declares, rendered it a greater services that its own soldiers and leaders. There is nothing in the pre-presidential career of Hayes to place the South under any obligation to him. He may have been an insincere but he was rather a blatant waver of the bloody shirt in the second Grant campaign of 1872. If he did not actually share with his fellow Republicans the belief that Grant's defeat, although imperatively demanded in the interest of honest and constitutional government, would betray the Union into the hands of the Confederates, he was at no pains to tell them so. On the contrary, he maintained his party regularity. Never once did he lift his voice against the scandals and the notorious corruption that characterized Grant's administration. There never came from his lips any expression of sympathy for the stricken South.

He did what he did as president to heal the wounds of the Civil war and to relieve the South of its oppressor, because he had entered into a solemn bargain that in return for the presidency he would pursue that policy. Without this bargain it is highly improbable that Hayes would ever have been president of the United States. Had the Democrats been united as they would have been if Hayes had been less agreeable to the demands of the South, there might have been an interregnum, followed perhaps by a military dictatorship, but Hayes would never have been president. He probably fully realized this; hence his trade with the Southern Democrats. Under such circumstances it is beyond us to subscribe to the theory that Rutherford B. Hayes should be numbered among the heroes of the South.

Minor errors do not materially detract from the value of this publication, as when for example, Mr. Eckenrode saythat Garfield, the successor of Hayes, supported the latter while a member of the Senate. As a matter of fact Garfield was never a member of the Senate of the United States. It is true that he has the unique distinction of having been at one and the same time a senator-elect, the president-elect of the United States and a member of the House of Representative. He had been elected a successor to the senatorial seat of Allen G. Thurman, but the term began on the same day that he took the oath as president.

Baltimore Catholics Buy Negro Histories

WASHINGTON, D.C.—(A.N.P.)—The Catholic Church is studying books published by, for, and about the Negro according to Carter G. Woodson, executive secretary of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History.

Baltimore Afro-American

"Superior General Louis B. Pastorelli, of t. Joseph's Society of Baltimore, an organization devoted to the welfare of Negroes, recently sent an order for every book which we either published or had upon our list," he stated. "I understand that the St. Joseph Society is establishing a corner of Negro literaure in St. Peter's Church in the Vatican at Rome," he continued. 5-24-30

Among the authors whose works have bene sent them include: Rogers, Bragg, Fisher, Turner, Richardson, Grimke, Kelly Miller Woodson, Cullen, Kerlin, Odum and Johnson, Mdton, DuBois, Booker T. Washington, Elizabeth Ross Haynes, Ovington, Bullock, Cromwell, Wesley, and Locke and Gregory.

Stirred to the Bones.

THE STORY OF HAITI, by Harriet Gibbs Marshall. Published by the Christopher Publishing House, Boston. $2.00.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in one of his most famous orations, said that Toussaint L'Ouverture was greater than George Washington, because Washington was a slaveholder We wonder why Phillips chose such a puny reason when there were far greater ones. Toussaint L'Ouverture did bigger things than Washington and had smaller means to do them with. Washington was educated; Toussaint for the greater part of his life was illiterate Washington was an experienced soldier from his youth; Toussaint became a soldier after he was forty. Washington's chief opponent was the somnolent Lord Howe, who let him get away time after time; Toussaint had to face Napoleon's crack veterans, led by wide-away generals who did not make military mistakes.

Washington had the aid of some of the best organizers and tacticians of Europe, men like Steuben and DeKalb; he had the aid of the French navy and a French army three times as large as his own. Toussaint had no outside aid, and his soldiers were Negro slaves. Washington defeated a few thousand Englishmen; Toussaint routed the English, the Spanish and the French.

The story of Haiti is truly a Negro epic. If any man, black or white, can read the story of Haiti's struggle for independence without being thrilled to his bones he is not a man. It is a tale that cannot be told too often. Let the Greeks have their Achilles, Agamemnon and Ajax; the Negro has his Toussaint, his Dessalines, his Christophe. In all human history from Thermopylae to Chateau-Thierry there is no deed of heroism that was not matched by those Haitian black men whose battle-cry was "Liberty or death!"

Yet there are Negroes who do not know the story of Haiti, Negroes who have been reared and educated in the belief that all heroes are Caucasian. For these Mrs. Harriet Gibbs Marshall has written "The Story of Haiti." Mrs. Marshall is the daughter of the late Judge Mifflin Gibbs and the wife of Captain Napoleon Bonaparte Marshall, who was in the United States consular service in Haiti for six years. As the Marshalls were popular in Port-au-Prince, she had exceptional opportunities to know the history and customs of Haiti.

She tells the story of Haiti from the time when Columbus discovered it in 1492. Haiti, incidentally, was the country that caused the disgrace of Columbus. Failing to find gold and too lazy to dig for it, the Spaniards demanded of Columbus that he enslave the Indians. He consented. Queen Isabella was indignant and took away Columbus's rank and honors; when he made his last trip to America he was forbidden to go near Haiti.

The Spaniards held Haiti for seventy years and their extreme cruelty reduced the Indian population to a few thousand. Then there was a three-cornered fight for Haiti between the Spanish, the English and the French. The French won, in 1697. In 1503 the Spaniards had introduced Negro slavery, and by 1697 a black population had replaced the Indians. The French were as cruel to the blacks as the Spaniards had been to the Indians; but the result was different. The treatment that had killed off the Indians only hardened the Negroes and made them ripe for rebellion.

It came, the bloodiest slave revolt in all history. The French Revolution, with its cry of liberty, fraternity, equality, awakened the Haitian Negroes. In 1791 they set out under the leadership of Boukman with the determination to burn every plantation on the island and kill all the whites. Soon the whole island was a sea of flames that could be seen from neighboring islands. Boukman was killed, but the burning and massacres went on. Over 2,000 whites were killed and more than a thousand plantations were burned.

The French Government sent a commission to secure peace, but it settled nothing. The Spanish and the English saw their chance to grab Haiti. The genius, Toussaint L'Ouverture, appeared, and the Spanish put him at the head of an army to drive the French out. He did it. Then the French declared the abolition of slavery in all French colonies. This changed Toussaint's mind; he went over to the French. He turned about and drove out the Spaniards. Then the English got a strong foothold, with an army of 10,000 well-equipped men. Toussaint drove them out.

France refused to give up Haiti Napoleon made up his mind to crush Toussaint. He sent his able brother-in-law, General Leclerc, to Haiti, with a fleet of 86 ships and 22,000 picked men. Toussaint and the yellow fever killed half of them. Then Toussaint was captured by treachery; but the war went on. The French were finally driven out by Dessalines.

Not many people know the influence of Haiti on the history of the United States. Fifteen hundred Haitians fought in the American army in the Revolution; but that was a minor thing. It is to Haiti that the United States owes the Louisiana Purchase, which doubled the size of this country, giving it all the land from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains. The army with which Napoleon had intended to hold this territory against England had been destroyed by the Haitians, and an independent Haiti lay right on the line of French communication with Louisiana. Thomas Jefferson had said that France's possession of New Orleans was a threat to American independence. Haiti removed that threat and caused the United States to expand westward.

This book goes on to tell the history of the island under Dessalines, Christophe and their successors. After Christophe there were troublous times. The author points out the fact that the Haitians were so busy fighting that they had little time to develop the resources of their rich island. Though the upper classes developed a culture superior to anything of its kind in the western hemisphere, the populace remained in ignorance. The only agency of government that they knew was the sword, and administrations began and ended with bullets instead of ballots.

Mrs. Marshall has done a favor to all who want the stirring story of Haiti in compact form.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

FICTION.

"TOUCH ME NOT." *Vincent McHugh. (Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.)*

"NOT WITHOUT LAUGHTER." *Langston Hughes. (Alfred A. Knopf.)*

"PORTRAIT OF A REBEL." *Netta Syrett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)*

"SPANISH LOVER." *Frank H. Spearman. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)*

"COMRADES AT ARMS." *Paul Feval. (Longmans, Green & Co.)*

"THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY." *Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton & Co.)*

NON-FICTION.

"KANT'S CONCEPTION OF GOD." *Herbert F. Standing. (Dial Press.)*

"THE OUTLAW YEARS: THE HISTORY OF THE LAND PIRATES OF THE NATCHEZ TRACE." *Robert M. Coats. (Macaulay Company.)*

"JOSEPH FOUCHE." *Stefan Zweig. (Viking Press.)*

"THE DILEMMA OF THE LIBERATED: AN INTERPRETATION OF TWENTIETH CENTURY HUMANISM." *Gorham Munson. (Coward-McCann.)*

"THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT." *Christopher Hollis. (Minton, Balch & Co.)*

"BABER—FIRST OF THE MOGULS." *Fernard Grenard. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)*

Warmoth's Story

WAR, POLITICS AND RECONSTRUCTION. By H. C. Warmoth. The MacMillan Company. New York, N. Y., $3.50.

Here is the spirited repudiation of an astoundingly corrupt and devious chapter in that portion of American history which has been so aptly dubbed "The Tragic Era" by Mr. Bowers.

The author of this book, now still alive at the age of 88 was one of the Reconstruction governors of the state of Louisiana. He attained to this high office at the age of 26; and despite his youth, he appears to have had a genius for politics and for intrigue which served him in good stead in those troublous days.

Gov. Warmoth took up the practice of law in New Orleans early in 1865, after a rather checkered career in the Union army. Just what was the nature of his legal practice is not definitely revealed although it appears to have had something to do with the buying up of cotton and selling it in the north. At any rate, it is a known fact that he arrived in Louisiana in very moderate circumstances and emerged a wealthy man after a few years of practical politics. Gov. Warmoth points out that he does not consider that he was a carpet-bagger, although he might have been classed as a scalawag; but he does not make this distinction quite clear.

It is a stirring story he tells of those feverish days after the war in Louisiana, when the complexities of Reconstruction politics led to corruption andn bloodshed. Gov. Warmoth himself killed a man in the streets of New Orleans, although he is careful to explain that it was done in self-defense. The spoils of office were so great and the lure of the loot so irresistible that there were numerous, swift, and amazing changes in the political alignments, the politics of that era making strange bed-fellows indeed.

Long before the end of the confusion Governor Warmoth was unhorsed by another carpet-bagger faction; but by that time his nest was comfortably feathered and he retired to his extensive sugar plantations.

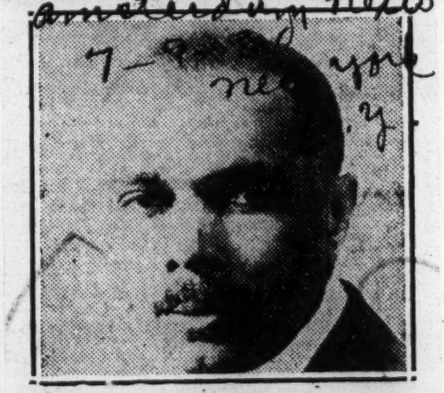
Students of American history will find this book a highly interesting one. Gov. Warmoth seems to have been a strange mixture of qualities, combining energy, ability and political cunning with a not too keenly discriminating sense of honesty or of the duty to public officials. In his book he leaves untold a good deal that we would like to know, and he glosses over some of the more dubious phases of his career. His story, however, is fairly well written and it is well worth reading.

To Translate Moton's Book Into Dutch

Tuskegee Institute, Ala.—Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, has received a request from S. W. Melchior of Amersfoort, Holland, for the privilege of translating "What the Negro Thinks" into the Dutch.

Mr. Melchior, after reading a review of Dr. Moton's latest book in a Dutch paper, wrote stating that like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it is a "book which should be read by people all over the world," adding that he should like to translate it into Dutch.

New Book on Harlem



James Weldon Johnson, whose "Black Manhattan" will be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., Friday. This book is a history of the Negro in New York and an impression of his life in Harlem.

Bibliography - 1930

Motives and Methods of the Radicals of 1866

Commercial Appeal
6-21-30
Memphis Tenn

THE CRITICAL YEAR. A study of Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction. By Howard K. Beale. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company. Pp. 454. Indexed. Illustrated. $3.75.

THIS IS a historical work of very great importance. Going in every case to the available original sources, and setting firmly aside the preconceptions and misinterpretations of such historians as Rhodes and others, Mr. Beale has made an extremely close and intensive examination of the events between April, 1865, and the inauguration of the Radical Reconstruction policy of 1867. His disclosures are illuminating—more illuminatng and exact, even, than the revelations recently made by Bowers, Stryker, and others, because his gaze covers a narrower field which he has been at great pains to search in every cranny. His conclusions are devastating and inescapable.

Radical Aims.

More clearly than ever, we are shown the true nature of the Radical policy. It is like turning over a log and looking at the crawling things underneath. What Mr. Beale shows might be stated as follows:

1. The Radicals were at first a minority group, who might have been defeated if Conservative political groups had been better managed. But the Radicals were determined to impose their will on the country even if they had to subvert American institutions to do so. And they did so!

2. Their "modus operandi" was, first, to gain control of Congress, which they accomplished through the campaign of 1866 by deliberately playing up false issues ("claptrap," says Mr. Beale), by misrepresenting the South, by defaming Andrew Johnson, by waving furiously the Bloody Shirt; and, second, to subjugate the Supreme Court and the President to the rule of Congress—which they nearly accomplished. Only Andrew Johnson saved us.

3. The motive behind these political manipulations was not, as the Radicals loudly proclaimed, wholly idealistic. The hidden motive was to make secure forever the economic control of the industrial East, with its program of high tariff, financial expansion and exploitation through railroads and factories. To gain these ends, the Radicals were ready to remodel the South on Northern lines, to enlist and deceive for their own ends the sincerely idealistic people of the North, and to use the negro as their principal tool.

"Chapter and Verse."

The broad outlines of these facts have, of course, been well known. But Mr. Beale gives chapter and verse to an extent we have not hitherto seen. His work must have been in process for a good many years; it must have been planned long before "The Tragic Era" and similar books appeared, and it loses none of its edge from being preceded in publication by those books. In fact, it is closer-woven, has a better historical perspective, takes a fresh point of view.

Mr. Beale puts particular stress on the fateful congressional campaign of 1866, on the outcome of which rested the entire Radical program. His great historical service is in the detailed way in which he shows the inception of the Radical plan, which in 1865 was "a policy in search of a party," and the methods by which it achieved success, thus upsetting abruptly and strangely the moderate policy of Johnson. In 1865, Sumner, Stevens, and their friends were a little discouraged. They had to play for time until they could "educate" the people. Their program of "education," says Mr. Beale, had two purposes.

"It sought to convince the North that the South could not be trusted and that the administration policy was therefore dangerous to Northern interests; it aimed by a gradual process to win people to the use of force and to negro rights—eventually to the negro equality necessary to maintain radicals in power, but revolting to thousands of loyal Northerners. Disparagement of Johnson, the great advocate of moderation, would serve both objects."

Radical Methods.

To gain their object, the radicals used "newspapers, speeches, pamphleteering, and the machinery of the old abolitionist cause. They sent agents to gather evidence against the South (who of course discovered "outrages" in plenty). They attacked Johnson and then abused him for striking back under great provocation. Congressional committees became mere agencies for propagating their ideas."

Visiting the South, Salmon P. Chase "found a degree of intelligence abong the negroes that was amazing." Whitelaw Reid wrote a book that had "the earmarks of fairness;" "but the central theme served Reid's party, for it pictured the haughty, unbroken, defiant Southern people that Reid expected to meet, and the intelligence and industry among negroes that radicals wanted to find." Schurz, "secretly under pay of Johnson's enemies, used the pretense of an impartial investigation for Johnson, to gather only such evidence as would injure Johnson and the South and support partisan purposes of a Northern faction."

Mr. Beale thinks that "Johnson's forbearance was notable," under the circumstances, "when the Tennessee politician in him must have longed to jump into the fray." Thad Stevens and his gang, by clever manipulations, even made it appear that Johnson was obstructing the admission of Tennessee; for the first resolution in Congress that offered to admit Tennessee on general liberal terms, they substituted a second one, including a disfranchisement clause and other repugnant features, which Johnson and the conservatives could not accept.

They placed Johnson in a further nasty dilemma when by Brownlow's force methods the Fourteenth Amendment was ratified by a legislative minority—two conservative members of the Tennessee legislature were arrested by Brownlow and forcibly detained to make a quorum; and Johnson had either to sign a bill that upheld the radical theory as to the readmission of states or to veto the bill to readmit the state he cherished.

Furthermore, the devilishness of Stanton appears in this case. Stanton controlled the telegraph and withheld the message from General Thomas to Johnson, asking whether he should observe Brownlow's request to arrest the two members of the legislature. When the telegram was finally given to Johnson, it was too late to do any good. Similarly, just before the New Orleans riot, Stanton delayed a telegram which, if Johnson had seen and acted upon in time, would have forestalled the riot.

These, however, are but small instances of how the Radicals worked, and of how they turned all events into fodder for their campaign, which was finally launched on a basis of hate and detraction.

Third Party Possible.

Johnson could surely have won the campaign of 1866. Mr. Beale thinks, if he had made economic matters rather than reconstruction the paramount issues of the campaign, and if he had built a party around his policy. On economic issues Johnson could have won the West, which was already agitated to a large extent against the selfish exploitations of the railroads, and was suspicious of national banks, protective tariff, and government pilferings. But he felt that the "restoration" of the Southern states was of first importance; and so the Southern policy, or really Johnson and the South, became the issue, and the moderate third party that should have been formed never really got into action.

Mr. Beale has a considerable study of the fourteenth amendment, whose role in the campaign, he thinks, has been overstressed. The Radicals encouraged voters to think that the amendment represented their terms for the readmission of the South, but actually refused to commit themselves, and, as soon as they won the campaign, ignored the amendment and began their plans for military rule.

Economic Policy.

His chapter on "Economic Issues" stresses matters of the greatest importance that historians have only lately come to study. "The real danger from 'a return of the rebels to power' was not overthrow of the Union, but ousting of the new industrial forces from control in Washington through a renewed union of Southern planters and Western farmers. In an alignment on the new industrial questions, the Radicals would have been outnumbered even in the North." Under the sub-heads, "Government Finance," "Big Business," and "The Tariff," Mr. Beale shows to what a large extent the Radical policy was an economic policy and had a selfish interest in controlling the government.

The accumulative effect of the details in Mr. Beale's study is something we can hardly expect to convey in a newspaper review. What we have given, by way of general description and quotation here and there, will perhaps serve to show what its scope and character are. It is, without doubt, a work of major interest. It is another great stroke in the rewriting of the history of a period that has been sadly misunderstood. Mr. Beale and historians like him have made it necessary to revise old conceptions strenuously. A good deal of what has been written about Civil War and Reconstruction—many of it by able and well-meaning men—is now out of date.

Finally, the charge of partizanship cannot possibly be brought against Mr. Beale—we dare even the Bogton Transcript to attempt it! Mr. Beale's method is scholarly and thorough; his tone is judicial even where his revelations are most shocking. He comes of a staunch Republican family, was born in Chicago, has studied at Chicago, Harvard and abroad, has taught at Chicago, Harvard and Grinnell, and is now assistant professor of history at Bowdoin college. Anybody who still harbors a doubt should look at the immense bibliography at the end of "The Critical Year." It is in itself one of the most impressive things in the book.—D. D.

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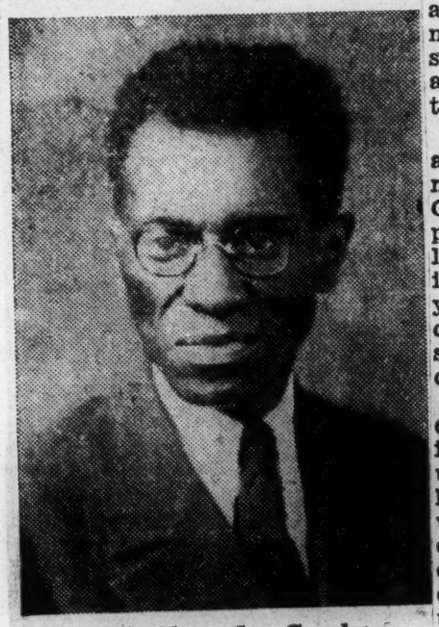
Book Review

A Negro Documentarian

WHEN Gertrude Atherton had finished her historical novel based on the life of Alexander Hamilton she wished to write a similar story about Henry Laurens of South Carolina, another dashing hero of the Revolutionary War. Her wish was never gratified because she could not get hold of the necessary documentary material.

Every writer of history or quasi-history is confronted with the prospect of months and sometimes years of drudging among old books, papers and documents. Dumas has told us how many mouldy tomes he had to plow through to get material for his great story, "The Three Musketeers." An author is indeed fortunate if the material he needs is available.

In the navy they speak of the man behind the gun; in literature



L. S. Alexander Gumby.

more should be said of the man behind the author. That man is the documentarian, whose patient and unselfish labors fertilize the soil from which grow the flowers of history and letters. He is more than valuable to writers; he is indispensable.

Negro letters especially have suffered from the lack of adequate documentation. Much priceless information has been carelessly destroyed and much more is lying about in odd corners of the world, waiting to be found. But so much time and work must be expended to find it that it will never be unearthed unless someone can give his whole energy to the task. In recent years several gleaners, notably Arthur Schomburg, have gathered large collections of books and prints about the Negro; but there are many scattered and fugitive things that cannot be found without a systematic and concentrated search.

In Harlem there is a man whose specialty is the gathering of these bits and putting them together. He is L. S. Alexander Gumby, whose book shop at 2144 Fifth avenue is one of the sights of New York. For 22 years he has toiled, patiently assembling clippings, prints, documents, books and letters, and preserving them in scrapbooks. He aims at producing a complete history of the Negro in scrapbook form.

He has a full set of clippings about every famous Negro and many not so famous. If you visit Gumby's studio you may be surprised when he pulls an enormous, ledger-sized book from a shelf and informs you that it is devoted to you and your doings. He does not confine himself to Negroes! he has scrapbooks on Henry Ford, Theodore Roosevelt, and Lindbergh.

One volume is filled with accounts of Gentile persecutions of the Jews in America and Europe. It is valuable because it is specific. We all know that there is such persecution, we say so boldly, yet if we were challenged to give seven specific cases of it we should have to rub our heads for a long time. At such times the value of a collection like Gumby's is demonstrated.

The oldest thing in the collection is a copy of Ogilvy's "Africa," published in 1679 and dedicated to King Charles II of England. There is, of course, a copy of the first edition of Phillis Wheatley's poems, printed in London in 1773. Of special interest are the three annual issues of "The American Anti-Slavery Almanac" for the years 1836, 1837 and 1838. The almanac is divided between weather predictions, which attracted farmers, and stories of the brutality of slaveholders and overseers. It contains accounts of slave women who killed their own children rather than allow them to grow up as slaves, of free Negroes killed because they could not show their papers or robbed of their papers when they showed them. The picture of William Lloyd Garrison is prominent on the covers.

A book of Gumby's that deserves a whole review to itself is an old water-browned volume containing the laws dealing with slavery up to the year 1827. To historians and novelists dealing with that period this book is invaluable. Another striking thing is a sheaf of papers showing the business side of slavery, with bills of sale and manumission papers.

Toussaint L'Ouverture is represented by writings in French, giving military orders, showing that the great Toussaint achieved the illegibility in penmanship that geniuses share with illiterates. Another letter, presumably written by Alexander Dumas, is indecipherable, even to Frenchmen. A whole shelf is given to Charles Sumner and a book-case to Abraham Lincoln. Gumby has several books of old playbills and portraits of Booth, Barrett and other actors that have increased in value as time made them rare.

Mr. Gumby's ambition is to be able to give all his time and energy to enlarging his collection, which he says is only a suggestion of what he aims to make it. He has already accomplished enough for everyone to hope that his ambition will be realized.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

Bibliography – 1930

An Inventory of the Negro's Situation in America

A Group of Experts in Social Research, Led by Charles S. Johnson, Surveys the Racial Problem From All Angles

New York Times 7-13-30

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. A Study of Negro Life and Race Relations in the Light of Social Research. By Charles S. Johnson and others. 538 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4.

New York Herald Tribune

By R. L. DUFFUS

HERE is a large volume, crammed with figures, not all of them as well digested as one could wish, and not likely to figure in any best-seller list. Yet it is certainly one of the most important books that will be published this year. It discusses the Negro race in America and its situation so thoroughly and with such scientific dispassionateness that it will be indispensable to any one who desires to speak or think intelligently about the race problem. The publishers announce it as "a 'Negro Middletown' on a national scale." It is too much the standardized sociological treatise quite to merit this description. But like Middletown it is a triumph of the objective method. Some of the facts disclosed might well cause bitterness. But the book itself is totally lacking in that quality. It accuses only as the truth itself accuses.

The volume grew out of the cooperative efforts of "sixteen national organizations engaged for the most part in day-to-day tasks of social work for the Negro and the improvement of relationships between white and colored in this country." These organizations formed a central executive committee in 1926, which directed the preparation of data for a conference held in Washington in December, 1928. Dr. Johnson, research secretary for the conference, gathered the resulting material in its present form. The book falls into two parts. The first, written by Dr. Johnson, presents a picture of the Negro's economic and social life—his place in industry and agriculture; his health and the conditions that bear on it; his schools; his facilities for recreation; his relations to the law and his position as a citizen or potential citizen. The second part is a discussion of the questions raised in the first part, with chapters by Niles Carpenter, Louis I. Dublin, Raymond Pearl, Thorstein Sellin, W. E. B. Du Bois and Herbert A. Miller. Those who are seriously interested in the subject will read the entire book. Those who have less time to give will find the hundred pages of the second part readable and illuminating.

The Old Oyster Woman. Etching by Dorothy Kay.

From "Fine Prints of the Year: 1929." (Minton, Balch & Co.)

Paul Robeson.

Copyright Mabel Dwight.

(A Review of a Biography of Paul Robeson May Be Found on Page 5.)

The Negro in America is a member of an underprivileged race whose situation has been rendered more hopeful and also more complicated in recent years by extensive migrations from the agricultural South to the industrial North. But while one-fifth of the Negro workers have followed this northward trend, "four-fifths remained in the section to which they were carried when the cotton industry was born." Many of those who remained sought the Southern cities. There was thus, North and South, an extensive displacement and a large-scale change from rural to urban conditions. To some extent the Negro took the place of immigrant labor. This was a place at the bottom. In the South his wages, for both skilled and unskilled labor, have tended to be lower than those paid whites. In the North he has usually received the same rate of pay as the white workers for the jobs he was able to get, but he has not been able to get the best jobs. Opinions as to his efficiency as an industrial worker differ widely. With proper training, work adapted to his racial qualities of dexterity and strength, and fair treatment from foremen and fellow employes, he can probably hold his own with any other those of his white neighbors, though he is less susceptible to cancer and a few other diseases. But his relatively poor health is certainly due in part to the conditions under which he lives. It has already responded to improved conditions. His general mortality rate has been reduced 60 per cent in fifty years and stands in 1930 approximately where the white mortality rate stood in 1900. His greatest enemy is tuberculosis, to which he is three times as liable as the whites. There is no evidence, however, that he is more liable to this disease than is any one else who earns as little and enjoys so few of the benefits of modern medicine and hygiene. The number of hospital beds in the United States is one for every 139 of the population; the number available to Negroes has been estimated at one to every 1,941 of the Negro population. Moreover, there is a shortage of Negro doctors, dentists and nurses.

North or South, the Negro's housing conditions are far from ideal. This is partly because of his poverty, partly because of segregation, legal or otherwise. His schools, where they are separate from the white schools, as is the case throughout the South, are inferior. There have, however, been notable efforts at bettering this condition, and Negro illiteracy has declined from 70 per cent in 1880 to 22.9 in 1920—and probably even lower in 1930. Experiments seem to show that "the efficiency of Negro children as measured by achievement

tests in the fundamental school subjects is less than that of white children." But it is a fair assumption that this fact "is at least as much a function of a poor educational system and an inferior background as of an inferior inherited mental constitution." In playgrounds and other recreational facilities the Negro is notably less fortunate than the whites, except in northern cities where no racial distinctions are made. He is arrested and imprisoned more frequently than the white man, though there is reason to believe that this is in at least some degree due to the fact that as a race he is poor and that in the old slave States he has no political influence. Practically speaking, poverty and lack of influence are crimes under the American police system.

Viewed in these various aspects, the race question does not vanish. The Negro is still distinguishable from a white man. He cannot change his skin, and perhaps in an increasing number of cases would not do so if he could. But it is clear that there are environmental factors having nothing to do with race which have hurt the Negro as they would have hurt any group and which can be ameliorated. The encouraging feature of this book is that in most cases [illegible] ready been or are being ameliorated. The Negro is progressing. He is finding his place as a free man in American life. His peculiar abilities, especially in the field of the arts, are being recognized. Such organizations as the Commission on Interracial Relations are doing admirable work in enabling the white and black race to live side by side without treading on each other's toes. The present is bright compared with the past, and at least one of the contributors to Dr. Johnson's book, Herbert A. Miller, sees "no inherent reasons why the problem of race relations cannot be solved."

NEW YORK TELEGRAM

JUL 14 1930

Harlem's First 300 Years

New York Negro No Longer Lives on Crumbs but Takes Vital Part in City's Life and Art.

By EVELYN SEELEY.

BLACK MANHATTAN. By James Weldon Johnson. Knopf. $2.50.

WHAT a tine, stormy history has Black Manhattan! Here, in a fact-filled nutshell, is the stuff of many books which should come out of Harlem.

A group of Negroes—Paul d'Angola, Big Manuel, Little Manuel, Garcia, Simon Congo, Anthony Portuguese, Manuel de Gerrit de Rens, Little Anthony, John Francisco and Peter Santone—were landed at New Amsterdam in 1626. Probably captured seamen all, they became bond-servants under the patroonship of Governor Peter Minuit.

There are more than 200,000 Negroes, free citizens and an integral, contributing, vital part of the city in New York today.

The happenings and progress of the three centuries that intervene make a tremendously dramatic and significant tale. Johnson's book has space to be only a scratching of the surface of its depth, only a ripple of its reverberations.

* * *

THE Dutch were mild, neither regarding slaves in New Netherland as mere merchandise nor relegating them to the dehumanized stage of later years.

Under the English slavery in the colony flourished, taking on all the harsh and cruel traits of the system farther south.

There has been no legal show in Manhattan's history so sensational as the trial of 1741, when Mary Burton told a story involving three Negroes known as Caesar, Prince and Coffee, implicating John Hughson, her master; Sara Hughson, his wife, and Peggy Kerry, the Irish beauty whom Caesar kept as mistress.

The doctrine of the Declaration of Independence was not without some collateral effect upon the black man's status, and a humanization of sentiment concerning slavery came about. New York, although next to last of the States in emancipation, was a stronghold of the fight for abolition and an important station in the underground railway.

Black Manhattan became the centre of the storm. Here, before white audiences, the great Frederick Douglass stood, exclaiming, "I was a slave! Am I not a man?"

Here thundered out the voice of Sojourner Truth, herself born a slave, "Frederick, is God dead?"

* * *

HERE Harriet Tubman, an escaped slave on whose head was a price of $40,000, confidante of John Brown, sometimes guest at the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson helped more than 100 slaves on their way to freedom.

After the bloodshed and violence of the Draft Riots of 1863 came a reaction of kindly feeling toward the Negro. And then twilight in the New York Negro's self-assertion set in again, not to lift until the race riots of 1900 stirred the old fighting spirit.

Booker T. Washington, born in a log cabin, living to sit at table with the President of the United States and to sip tea with the Queen of England, came forth to be the Moses of the colored people.

Then came the intellectual Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois to bring Negro militants and prominent and wealthy white supporters together into the aggressive National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

And finally, the most recent of Harlem's heroes, deported only a few years ago after imprisonment on a charge of using the mails to defraud—Marcus Garvey, dynamic pompous megalomaniac, high potentate of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, Provisional President of Africa, ruler of the Sublime Order of the Nile and great mogul of the Distinguished Order of Ethiopia.

* * *

O'NEILL'S Emperor Jones was not so fantastic a figure as King Garvey, who, dressed in royal regalia, established himself a court of dukes and duchesses and knight commanders in the great basement in Harlem called Liberty Hall.

With his powerful personality, his energy and daring, Garvey might have succeeded, Johnson believes, had not his supreme egoism made cringing sycophants or cunning knaves out of many of his followers.

But "Black Manhattan" is not so largely a social history of Harlem as this review indicates. It tells as well of the Negro jockey, the Negro prize fighter, the Negro actor, singer, writer, painter, each of whom is worth a book of his own.

Knowing well his Harlem, that "large-scale laboratory experiment in the race problem," Johnson finds that the New York Negro has far, very far, to go, and much more to gain. But he has gone far, he says, toward "smashing the stereotype that the Negro is nothing more than a beggar at the gates of the nation waiting to be thrown the crumbs of civilization.

BOSTON MASS. TRANSCRIPT
JULY 30, 1930

The American Negro

A Survey of His Place in Our Modern Civilization

The Negro in American Civilization. By Charles S. Johnson. $4.00. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

HERE is a volume that will undoubtedly become a classic in its field. Not in a literary sense, to be sure; exhaustive tables of statistics and their interpretation are not readily worked up into creative literature. But it is not too much to say that probably within the next decade few books of importance concerning the American Negro will be written without reference to this monumental source book. It is likely to stand for all time as a statement of the Negro's position in this present stage of civilization.

Though Prof. Johnson, head of the department of social science at Fisk University, prepared the present volume, its findings are the result of the pooled investigations of no less than sixteen national organizations, among them the American Social Hygiene Association, the National Board Y. W. C. A., the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Led by the Federal Council of Churches, the National Interracial Conference was formed in 1925. In 1926 the excutive committee was organized to direct and assemble the investigations which constitute this volume. Mordecai W. Johnson, president of Howard University, and Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, were appointed to share the chairmanship at all sessions.

The purpose of the investigations was not to demonstrate any preconceived theory as to the place of the Negro, but to ascertain his status with as rigid a scientific exactitude as is possible to sociology. He was studied with reference to his place in industry, his migrations, what civilization affords him in the way of housing, education, medical attention; his health, his status with reference to the law.

Representatives of both races participated in the research. Its strict impartiality is demonstrated by the chapter called "Problems of Educability," where it is shown that so far as available statistics can indicate the Negro schoolchild generally rates as inferior mentally to his white classmates. "The assumption holds, at least tentatively," comments the author, "that the inefficiency of Negro pupils is at least as much a function of a poor educational system and an inferior background, as of an inferior, inherited mental constitution."

Except for a series of brief papers by various authors in the back of the book, there is little comment on the evidence presented. But no fair-minded reader can fail to be appalled by the enormous handicap under which the Negro still labors today. At least a European reader would be appalled; Americans are perhaps too hardened to the idea of social and economic inequality.

Even in northern cities, Negroes are usually crowded into run-down sections and made to pay higher rent than is justified. They are rarely considered in the development of playground and recreational programs. They have not at present nearly their quota of hospitals and there is meagre opportunity indeed for the adequate training of Negro nurses and physicians. Schooling, especially in the less prosperous southern States, is miserably poor, even when compared to the often wholly inadequate white schools. The very teachers in the country are frequently only semi-literate, and their salaries so low that it is necessary for their communities to raise funds for their support by means of suppers, lotteries, and shows.

To give any adequate idea of the ground covered by such a work as this and the infinite variety of problems considered is quite impossible in a brief review. It is certain to become an indispensable part of the library of everyone interested in social welfare.

M. L. S.

BLACK YEOMANRY. By T. J. Woofter Jr. 8vo. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.

An account of Negro life on St. Helena Island, off the coast of South Carolina.

Bibliography – 1930

Paul Robeson, Negro

New Republic

8-6-30

Paul Robeson, Negro, by Eslanda Goode Robeson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 178 pages. $2.50.

THE TALK we hear often enough of Paul Robeson's career as a nine-days' wonder largely because of his being a Negro is idle and full of useless condescension. If he had been born on an Alabama plantation, with all its obstacles—its race prejudice and lack of opportunity or its "Uncle Tom's Cabin" murder, beating and torture, you may take your choice—and from that had risen to fame on football teams, graduation with honors, singing in New York and then touring, acting in Eugene O'Neill's and other plays here, and then "Othello" in London and concerts in European cities—if all that were true, the whole case might have a different slant.

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As a matter of fact, Paul Robeson was born in Princeton, his father a colored preacher of some education—a graduate of Lincoln University—to which he went after running away from his North Carolina owner—and certainly not without a wisdom of his own, according to the biographer of his son. Paul Robeson's mother was Maria Louisa Bustill, "one of the most widely known and highly respected Negro families in Philadelphia; they trace their ancestry back as far as 1608, along Indian-Quaker-Negro stock, and all along the line find distinguished men and women of whom they are justly proud." Members of the family had been teachers, boat owners, portrait painters—David Bustill Bowser painted many banners and twenty-one portraits of Lincoln, one of which Lincoln himself posed for, and Robert studied at the National Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and in London, and spoke French and Spanish fluently. In 1904 Paul Robeson's mother died, and soon after, his father moved to Westfield, taking Paul with him; the other children were already out for themselves. Then came Somerville, where Paul went to the public schools, played with the white children, was welcomed into their homes, lunched with them and was the hero of the athletic field. At Rutgers College he appears to have had trouble getting on the football team, but played so hard and well that he was made a member of the team in a few weeks. When he graduated from Rutgers he won Phi Beta Kappa, was a "four-letter man" in sports, was selected by Walter Camp as end for his all-American football team, delivered the commencement oration, and was elected to Cap and Skull, a senior society made up of only four men. Later he went to the Columbia Law School, where such was his standing and popularity that he was a guest of honor at the dinner of the graduating class, at the Astor Hotel, in 1920. Later on he was in a well known lawyer's office, where he succeeded, but finally left because of racial complications with the other assistants. The rest of his career is popular knowledge; his advance has been steady and successful in the fullest sense.

I set the earlier facts down, however, to show how easy and misleading it is to think of Paul Robeson as having suffered the darkest wrongs and difficulties. Difficulties there have no doubt been, certainly enough at times to hurt a sensitive spirit, but to distort such facts is to make of Paul Robeson a remarkable Negro instead of what he is, a remarkable man. On this side, that of the great artist in spite of infinite obstacles, the biography written by his wife does much, a good deal more perhaps than she knows, to despoil his legend and shift the accent.

The writer herself is plainly a very capable person. She is almost white, so white, she tells us, that ticket sellers, for example, do not recognize any racial difference. She has been useful to her husband in many practical aspects, such as steering him away from his natural laziness, to which, as a citizen of our realms of energy and management, she appears to feel a firm superiority. But of this book she has written, we can only say that it might easily have been by some mediocre and tedious little school teacher from some Northern public school. It shows in itself most of the qualities that such a fine nature as her husband's fortunately lacks; and there is not in the whole book a word or a phrase or a reaction that betokens the depths, warmths, common sense, simplicity of nature, and artistic instinct, which he undoubtedly possesses. Not even the Negro dialect, now and then recounted, is good. We get first the picture of the wonderful model boy growing up, told like a Sunday-school novelette in the flattest of good tones—"After the lessons were over, Paul would ask his father how the work was going; inquire after the parishioners, after the growth of the church fund. He would talk over plans for the Sunday school"—this after long, stifling speeches from the father on education, conduct and perfection. The whole tone is dead, plausible, and learned from the worst type of pious biographical rubbish. It shows no perception—or perhaps a determination not to perceive—what lay in these scenes between the old Negro preacher and his beloved son, the talks together, the native wit and good sense displayed, the talent for parable, the humility, the pride, the genius for religious feeling, the naïve comment on life. False as it might have been, it would have been truer even to paint the two of them as pure Deep South types than as these wretched figureheads made up out of propriety and intention, and based on a certain competition and argument, by which they are to match a similar excellence in the white race, or in white moral fiction. As a matter of fact, if the account could have been written by an artist, or even seen more honestly and accurately, few white family accounts could stand beside it.

The end of the book is concerned partly with associations among more or less well known people, and a fair amount of first names; the Genes, Jimmies, Carls, and so on, seem sometimes unnecessary, though, if the general tone of the book were different, this might pass very easily as natural human pride in getting on. The big chapter is where Essie, the author, Marion, a friend, and Paul himself, discuss the problem of Paul's perfection, which is his wife's romantic conviction. The three sins appear to be Cowardice, Dishonesty and Straying with Other Women. Paul announces and contends for all these, he gives plenty of data for the accusation, but the whole ends happily because Essie, as should be the case in such a piece of literature, remains as before: he is perfect. She is certain about her place in his life. She does accuse him, however, of drifting; and later on, we are to gather, her influence leads him out of this into the study of "Othello" and German *lieder*. It is a distressing, tasteless chapter, though not Paul Robeson's fault.

I have not seen Paul Robeson on the stage since his performance in "All God's Chillun Got Wings"—that was in 1924, perhaps. He was not then an actor in any competent sense, and would have been the last man to make such a claim. But he had already what few of the best actors have, a nobility of presence, a quality of tenderness and force, a search for right comprehension of the role, a superb humility before his dramatic material. We need only remember all that to regret this biography and to think what a book might be written about him. The one thing of value in this present enterprise lies in the clippings from foreign critics and the descriptions of the singer's effect on various audiences abroad.

One gets the impression that the author wrote the book with an eye on her English public. There are numerous explanations that are superfluous for American readers but may perhaps be useful to some of the English. There are some potshots, too, as might be expected—for example, the newness of the American family possibly accounts to some extent for its violent prejudices. "Americans as a nation have no old and solid background of culture, refinement and class, and so they are uncertain of their social position"—to achieve a definitely superior status they must look down on someone else. Et cetera. And there are places where the tale would be emendated a little by us. Take, for one instance, the account of the colored churches in the South after slavery. Several small Negro communities would jointly support a preacher, who went from one place to another, getting his clothes, lodging, sometimes small sums of money—godly men, though, as the author says, later on in history there was some dissent and squabbling to get congregations that paid well, or to be elected a bishop—"It is significant that many Negro bishops are wealthy men." This account is doubtless true; we all know of the circuit riders, and that there were good men among them; but I might feel better by adding to it such a fact, for example, as that my great-grandfather, in the far South long before the war, with three hundred and fifty slaves, had a church

them, had his own preacher among them, and com- eryone but the sick, the truly sick, to go to church when I was a child growing up, there were among groes as many dubious jokes about the clergy as ever ted in the Middle Ages; the parental scope of the hers was something, indeed, to be expected. I remember one day, riding in the country with my father, we stopped to ask after the rheumatism of an old preacher we knew. I can see him standing beside the road now, with his long-tailed coat and grizzled hair, his hat in his hand, complaining that his knee was so bad that he was "no good for prayers and no good for the women." As for the very long account of Harlem, we may say that, if a little bitter and vengeful, it may be true enough for English ears; for me, I should either say that it conveys none of the power, fantastic comedy, pathos, richness, prophecy or even superficial color of that district, or else I should merely let it go as Molière's Sosia did, when the father of the gods had explained to the wronged Amphitryon how honored he should feel: "Our lord Jupiter knows how to gild the pill!"

The whole case of this book is most regrettable. Its mediocrity spoils the fine material it attempts; its trite, and sometimes specious, plausibility invites a certain approval that is only another kind of condescension.

STARK YOUNG.

A Race as Protagonist

Sweet Man. By Gilmore Millen. The Viking Press. $2.50.

THUS far novels about the Negro have been novels of problem or of background. Race is always the protagonist, except in studies where a landscape with figures forms the subject. And this has been true whether the author was white or black. No single character towers above his race and his condition, becomes a man, first, in whom the forces and urges of his people are fused by the white heat of creation, illuminating merely incidentally the social and philosophical problems of his race. The Negro needs his Dostoevski; he has had his secondary Zolas. American writers, in order to satisfy the American demand for vicarious physical experience, are going in heavily for stories of tramps, poor Negroes, savages, under-dogs, historical eccentrics, rogues and clowns; stories that emerge crisply from those efficient writers' schools—the newspaper and the advertising agency; stories that are the result of an extraordinary amount of detailed knowledge gleaned either from actual experience or extended research, as the case may be. These may be excellent journalism done in fiction form, with the right amount of sob stuff, sex stuff, and high drama to carry along the good straight reporting, but as novels they are not of the first order.

"Sweet Man" is a good book, at times poignant, often exciting, for the most part artistically truthful, but viewed coolly and from a distance, it remains unimportant. It is without power. It is actually superficial. And the reason is to be found in the principal character, John Henry. Whether on the cotton plantation of his youth, in the army, as a sweet man on Beale Street, or as wandering laborer, gambler, lover, he remains of no consequence either as a representative figure for his people or as an individual. It is the things he does, the adventures he has that are interesting. We have the feeling that we are not being shown how John Henry does these things, but how a Negro like John Henry would do them. In that difference lies the difference between the creation of a man and the recording in story form of a good journalist's observations and experience.

FRED T. MARSH

This Negro

Not Without Laughter. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HERE is the Negro in his most picturesque form—the blues-loving Negro, the spiritual-singing Negro, the exuberant, the impassioned, the irresponsible Negro, the Negro of ancient folk-lore and romantic legend. "Good-natured, guitar-playing Jim Boy"; Angee Rogers loving Jim Boy no matter where he goes or whom he lives with; Aunt Hager, the old mammy of a dead generation, "whirling around in front of the altar at revival meeting . . . her face shining with light, arms outstretched as though all the cares of the world had been cast away"; Harriet, "beautiful as a jungle princess," singing and jazzing her life away, sneering at sin as a white man's bogy, and burying beneath peals of laughter "a white man's war for democracy"; and Sandy, seeing his people as a "band of black dancers captured in a white world," and resolving to free them from themselves as well as from their white dictators—these are the Negroes of this novel, these the people who make it live with that quick and intimate reality which is seldom seen in American fiction.

"Not Without Laughter" continues the healthy note begun in Negro fiction by Claude McKay and Rudolph Fisher. Instead of picturing the Negro of the upper classes, the Negro who in too many instances has been converted to white norms, who even apes white manners and white morality and condemns the Negroes found in this novel as "niggers," McKay, Fisher, and Hughes have depicted the Negro in his more natural and more fascinating form. There can be no doubt that the Negro who has made great contributions to American culture is this type of Negro, the Negro who has brought us his blues, his labor songs, his spirituals, his folk-lore—and his jazz. And yet this very type of Negro is the one that has been the least exploited by contemporary Negro novelists and short-story writers. It has been white writers such as DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, Howard W. Odum, and Paul Green who have turned to this Negro for the rich material of their novels, dramas, and stories. These writers, however, have known this Negro only as an exterior reality, as something they could see, listen to, sympathize with, even love; they could never know him as an inner reality, as something they could live with as with themselves, their brothers, their sweethearts—something as real as flesh, as tense as pain. Langston Hughes does. As a Negro he has grown up with these realities as part of himself, as part of the very air he has breathed. Few blurs are there in these pages, and no fumbling projections, and no anxious searching for what is not. Here is this Negro, or at least one vital aspect of him, as he really is, without ornament, without pretense.

All this praise, however, must not be misconstrued. "Not Without Laughter" is not without defects of style and weaknesses of structure. The first third of the novel, in fact, arrives at its points of interest with a pedestrian slowness; after that it picks up tempo and plunges ahead. Unfortunately, there are no great situations in the novel, no high points of intensity to grip and overpower the reader. Nor is there vigor of style—that kind of vigor which could have made of Sandy's ambition to emancipate his race, for example, a more stirring motif. But "Not Without Laughter" is significant despite these weaknesses. It is significant because even where it fails, it fails beautifully, and where it succeeds—namely, in its intimate characterizations and in its local color and charm—it succeeds where almost all others have failed.

V. F. CALVERTON

RACE PROBLEMS

GULF STREAM. By Marie Stanley. 304 pp. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. $1.50.

THE tide of novels treating of the problems of the Negro may long since have abandoned the search for fresh aspects of this rather vexed and over-written question. If so, "Gulf Stream," by Marie Stanley, will come as a pleasant surprise. Miss Stanley is concerned with the problem of racial intermixture and with the problems of the individuals most victimized by it, those Negroes who appear outwardly to be white, or nearly so. She is not occupied, however, with the obvious and much-discussed expedient of "passing." The inner aspects of the octoroon's problem seem more important, the exceedingly difficult and complex psychological adjustments demanded of him. Miss Stanley feels that the situation of the intelligent, ambitious Negro is not mitigated by any accident of birth. Straight hair and a white skin may enable him to pass, but they can never resolve the fundamental conflicts in his nature, can never subdue or regulate the passionate, tropic strain of his race, the warm Gulf stream which mingles, often disastrously, with the cooler currents of the white.

For the illustration of this conflict she has chosen an appealing figure, a young half-breed, Adele Childers, whose skin was light enough to leave her race in question. Eager and sensitive and intelligent, Adele early learned to resent the squalor and misery of shanty town, to which she was condemned, not so much by the accident of poverty as by the accident of blood. At 17 she fell in love with Archie Fenleigh, a golden-haired young aristocrat of the small Alabama town, who was neither more nor less ethical than others of his class. Adele bore him a child of whose existence he was scarcely aware. Superstitiously convinced that her baby would be black, Adele refused even to look at it and was sent away by an interested and kindly white doctor before she had ever seen it.

Dr. Rogers found a place for Adele on Mille Fleur Island, in a colony of extremely light-skinned Negroes, descendants of the original French settlers of Mobile. Among the cultured and wealthy inhabitants of Mille Fleur Adele found a situation as companion to a strikingly beautiful half-breed courtesan, dying of tuberculosis. Bezelia liked Adele, sympathized with her aspiration and talked to her of the life to be had in other parts of the world, in South America, for instance, or in Paris, where race was less generally emphasized. Dying, Bezelia left to Adele her money and the place on Mille Fleur. While Adele was laying plans for the enjoyment of her new freedom, she learned that the little daughter, from whom she had fled in horror, was fair-skinned and hazel-eyed. She brought the child to Mille Fleur and determined to pass on to the small Delia the opportunity which Bezelia had given her for her own use.

The mingled racial strains in Delia's character, her warm, almost passionate partisanship, together with the cool and calculating intelligence she had inherited from her white father, combined to defeat Adele's plans. But the reader, while admitting the justice of her daughter's solution, will sympathize, nevertheless, with the gallantry of Adele's battle against fate, with her effort to conquer by will and intelligence a combination of unconquerable circumstances. Miss Stanley's study is clear and interesting, and the Mille Fleur colony provides for the story a more than usually exotic background. "Gulf Stream" deserves to be ranked as a first novel of decided merit.